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THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSEY

RANDALL DAVIES



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THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSEY



Holbein *Photo Hollyer*

SIR THOMAS MORE

THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSEY

BY RANDALL DAVIES

WITH EIGHTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

G. M. D.

PREFACE

THE story of a great house has rarely, if ever, been so diversified by the accidents of Time, State, and Person, as is that of the mansion at Chelsea built by Sir Thomas More in 1520, and demolished by Sir Hans Sloane in 1740. That so fair an inheritance should but twice during two centuries have descended from father to son, and should have changed owners no less than thirteen times, is enough to make its history worth inquiring into; and curiosity grows into fascination as we discover what sort of people possessed it, and by what chances it was tossed from one to the other.

Without including the Crown, the Parliament, and the younger Duke of Buckingham's creditors, by whom it was seized on four several occasions, its successive owners were as follows:—

Sir Thomas More.

The first and second Marquises of Winchester.

Lord and Lady Dacre.
Lord Burghley.
Sir Robert Cecil.
The Earl of Lincoln.
Sir Arthur Gorges.
The Earl of Middlesex.
The great Duke of Buckingham.
The younger Duke of Buckingham.
The Earl of Bristol.
The Duke of Beaufort.
Sir Hans Sloane.

If these are not all makers of history, the minority, though few, are at least as entertaining as the rest are important in contributing to the story. All have something to tell us, of their public or private life, which enlivens antiquity ; and in the variety of their fortunes, their circumstances, and their characters, they afford as many brilliant and diverting pictures as the most elaborate historical pageant.

Further, it may be observed that with few exceptions all were men who made their own places in history, and the younger Buckingham, Beaufort, and Bristol, though born to great titles, owed nothing to them for their places in the Biographical Dictionary.

With such a company as this, the reader

need never fear to be dull; and lest the author should be, he has preferred wherever possible to let the past speak for itself, and to transcribe freely from the contemporary writers in each period. Though some of these may be familiar to a good many readers —especially those relating to Sir Thomas More—it is believed that, on the whole, the materials have been collected from sources that are not easily accessible.

For permission to print the extraordinarily valuable series of unpublished letters at Knole, the heartiest thanks are tendered to their owner, Lord Sackville.

R. D.

CHELSEA.

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THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSEY

THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSEY

CHAPTER I

AT the southern end of the Moravian Burying Ground, which lies between Beaufort Street and Milman's Row, there still remains a fragment of sixteenth-century brickwork belonging to the Great House. Whether it formed part of the original structure erected by Sir Thomas More in 1520 or, as is more probable, dates only from 1597 when Sir Robert Cecil enlarged or rebuilt the house on a scale comparable with that of Hatfield, it is equally a relic of one of the greatest monuments of Chelsea, and would certainly have been removed before this, were it not that the dead are safer guardians of things precious than the living. Though their Chapel is now used as a garage, the Moravians themselves rest peacefully in their graves, and like the Romans, Egyptians, or prehistoric men, have thus pre-

served for us a fragment of times past which under other circumstances would probably have perished. The great mansion of which it is the last visible trace was demolished before the Moravians settled here ; but it is satisfactory to know for certain where it actually stood, as we begin to read its story in a letter of Erasmus :—

"More hath built near London upon the Thames side a commodious house, neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent enough ; there he converseth with his family, his wife, his son, and daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man so loving to his children as he ; and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid ; and such is the excellency of his temper that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth it as if nothing could happen more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's Academy ; but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's Academy wherein there was only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call this house a school or university of Christian religion ; for there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences."

As Chelsea was at this date no more than a little riverside village, it is hardly surprising that there is nothing actually recorded which fixes this as the site of More's house; and even at the beginning of the eighteenth century the question was so much in doubt as to occasion a letter from Dr. King, the Rector, on the publication of Hearne's edition of Roper's *Life of More*. "Though time is the great devourer of all things in this world," he writes, "yet it is strange that in the course of two hundred years, a matter of this nature should be so much in the dark. As seven cities in Greece contended for the birthplace of Homer, so there are no fewer than four houses in this parish lay claims to Sir Thomas More's residence."

"In my opinion," he continues, "Beaufort House bids fairest to be the place where Sir Thomas More's stood; my reasons are these that follow:—First his [great] grandson Mr. Thomas [*i.e.* Cresacre] More, who wrote his life, and was born in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and may well be supposed to know where the most eminent person of his ancestors lived, says that Sir Thomas More's house in Chelsea was the same which my Lord of Lincoln bought of Sir Robert Cecil; now it appears pretty plainly that Sir Robert Cecil's house was the same which is now the Duke of Beaufort's; for in divers

places are these letters R. C. and also R. C. E. with the date of the year, viz. 1597. Which letters were the initials of his name and his lady's, and the year 1597 was when he new-built, or at least new-fronted it. From the Earl of Lincoln that house was conveyed to Sir Arthur Gorges, from him to Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex; from him to King Charles I.; from the King to the Duke of Buckingham; from his son, since the restoration, to Plummer, a citizen, for debt; from the said Plummer to the Earl of Bristol, and from his heirs, to the Duke of Beaufort; so that we can trace all the mesne assignments from Sir Robert Cecil to the present possessor."

That Dr. King's opinion was well founded there is now no reason to doubt; but it may be a surprise for others besides the occupants of Nos. 95 to 100 Cheyne Walk to realise that Lindsey Row, as those houses were till lately called, or Lindsey House, as it was before being divided into five, was the original farmhouse purchased by More on his first settlement in Chelsea, which enjoyed the right of feeding cattle on the Common from time immemorial. That it was rebuilt by Dr. Mayerne, Charles I.'s physician, and perhaps a little altered in the latter part of the seventeenth century, hardly detracts from the interest attaching to so old a foundation; and

one can but regret that the Great House should not have enjoyed an equally fortunate continuance.

But of the Great House there are fortunately relics more enduring than bricks and mortar ; within a few years of its first foundation Hans Holbein executed within its walls the wonderful portraits of More and his family which Time has only partially succeeded in destroying. Even if the large family group is lost for ever—though there is hope that it may yet be discovered—there remain the single portrait of More, belonging to Mr. Edward Huth, three or four of the drawings for the heads, in the Windsor Collection, and what in some respects is more valuable than all, the original sketch for the group.

This famous sketch, inscribed with the names of the persons represented, was sent by More to Erasmus upon Holbein's return to Basle in 1528, and is now in the Museum there. It was made at Chelsea in the same, or possibly the previous year, and is therefore the earliest, as well as one of the most valuable of the records which are left to us of More's residence in Chelsea. Here we can see the whole family, drawn from the life, as they sat grouped before Holbein in one of the rooms at the Chelsea house. In the centre are Sir Thomas and his father Sir John More. At the left Dame Alice, his second wife, with a

pet monkey beside her ; while in front of her are seated Margaret Roper and Cecily Heron, More's eldest and youngest daughters. The second daughter, Elizabeth Dancy, is standing on the other side of the group. Behind Sir Thomas stand his son John, and Anne Cresacre his wife. The names of the different members of the group, and their ages, were written by Sir Thomas himself, and the other comments by Holbein, giving an interest to this drawing which not even the finished picture possessed.

Equally vivid are passages in the letter written by Erasmus to Von Hutten in reply to a demand for some account of More. "The task," he writes (as Froude translates him), "is not an easy one, for not everyone understands More, who is as difficult a subject as Alexander or Achilles. He is of middle height, well shaped, complexion pale, without a touch of colour in it save when the skin flushes. His hair is black, shot with yellow, or yellow shot with black ; beard scanty, eyes grey, with dark spots—an eye supposed in England to indicate genius, and to be never found except in remarkable men. The expression is pleasant and cordial, easily passing into a smile, for he has the quickest sense of the ridiculous of any man I ever met. . . . His talk is charming, full of fun, but never scurrilous or malicious. He used to act plays when young ; wit delights him, even at his own expense.



Holbein *Photo Hollyer*

THE MORE FAMILY

"He set me on my Encomium Moriae. It was like setting a camel to dance, but he can make fun of anything. He is wise with the wise, and jests with fools—with women specially, and his wife among them. He is fond of animals of all kinds, and likes to watch their habits. All the birds in Chelsea come to him to be fed. He has a menagerie of tame beasts, a monkey, a fox, a ferret, and a weasel. He buys any singular thing which is brought to him. His house is a magazine of curiosities, which he delights in showing off.

"He had his love affairs when he was young, but none that compromised him; he was entertained by the girls running after him. He studied hard also at that time at Greek and philosophy. His father wanted him to work at English law, but he didn't like it. . . . Nevertheless, after drinking deep in literature, he did make himself a lawyer, and an excellent one. No opinion is sought more eagerly than his, or more highly paid for. He worked at Divinity besides. . . . Priests and old men were not ashamed to learn from him. His original wish was to be a priest himself. . . . He gave it up because he fell in love, and he thought a chaste husband was better than a profligate clerk.

"The wife that he chose was a very young lady, well connected but wholly uneducated,

who had been brought up in the country with her parents. Thus he was able to shape her character after his own pattern. He taught her books, he taught her music, and formed her into a companion for his life. Unhappily she was taken from him by death before her time. She bore him several children ; three daughters, Margaret, Cecilia, and Elizabeth are still with him, and one son, John. A few months after he had buried her he married a widow to take care of them. This lady, he often said humorously, was *nec bella nec puella* ; but she was a good manager, and he lives as pleasantly with her as if she had been the loveliest of maidens. He rules her with jokes and caresses better than most husbands do with sternness and authority, and though she has a sharp tongue, and is a thrifty housekeeper, he has made her learn harp, cithern, and guitar, and practise before him every day.

" He controls his family with the same easy hand ; no tragedies, no quarrels. If a dispute begins, it is promptly settled. He has never made an enemy or become an enemy. His whole house breathes happiness, and no one enters it who is not the better for the visit."

Roper, his son-in-law, and Cresacre More, his great-grandson, have also recorded many delightful things about the Chelsea household, in their narrations of his sufferings for the cause of religion. To the former we are

indebted for the very characteristic dialogue between More and his wife on the subject of the house :—When Sir Thomas More had continued a good while in the Tower, my Lady his wife obtained licence to see him, who at her first coming like a simple woman and somewhat worldly too, with this manner of salutations bluntly saluted him. "What the good year, Mr. More," quoth she, "I marvel that you that have been always hitherunto taken for so wise a man, will now so play the fool to lie here in this close filthy prison, and be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty and with the favour and goodwill both of the King and his Council, if you would but so as all the Bishops and best learned of this realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, your garden, your orchards, and all other necessaries so handsomely about you, where you might in the company of me your wife your children and household be merry, I muse what in God's name you mean here still thus fondly to tarry."

After he had awhile quietly heard her, with a cheerful countenance he said unto her : "I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me, tell me one thing." "What is that?" quoth she. "Is not this house as nigh heaven as mine

own ? " quoth he. To whom she, after her accustomed fashion, not liking such talk, answered : " Tille valle, tille valle." " How say you, Mrs. Alice, is it not so ? " quoth he. " Bone Deus, bone Deus, man, will this geer never be left ? " quoth she.

" Well, then, Mrs. Alice, if it be so, it is very well. For I see no great cause why I should much joy of my gay house, or of anything belonging thereunto, when, if I should but seven years lie buried under the ground, and then arise and come thither again, I should not fail to find some therein that would bid me get out of the doors, and tell me that were none of mine. What cause have I then to like such an house as would so soon forget his master ? " So her persuasions moved him but a little.

From Roper we have also the story, told with touching simplicity, of More's intercession for his daughter Margaret when she lay dying at Chelsea :—

" At such time as my wife (as many others that year were) was sick of the sweating sickness, who lying in so great extremity of that disease as by no invention or devices that physicians in such case commonly use (of whom she had diverse both expert, wise, and well learned then continually attendant upon her) she could be kept from sleep ; so that physicians and all others despaired her health



Holbein *Photo Hollyer*

ANNE CRESACRE

and recovery, and gave her over : her father (as he that most entirely tendered her) being in no small heaviness for her, by prayer at God his hands sought to get remedy. Whereupon after his usual manner going up into his new lodging, there in his Chapel upon his knees, with tears most devoutly besought Almighty God that it would like his goodness, unto whom nothing was impossible, if it were his blessed will at his mediation to vouchsafe graciously to hear his petition ; where incontinent came into his mind, that a glister should be the only way to help her. Which when he had told the physicians, they by and by confessed that if there were any hope of health, that it was the very best help indeed ; much marvelling of themselves that they had not afore remembered it. Then it was immediately ministered unto her sleeping, which she could by no means have been brought unto waking ; and albeit after she was thereby throughly awaked, God's marks, evident undoubted token of death, plainly appeared upon her, yet she (contrary to all their expectation) was (it was thought) by her father's fervent prayer miraculously recovered, and at length again to perfect health restored."

Another account of More's house is given in a book entitled *Il Moro*, by Ellis Heywood, which was published in Florence in 1556.

"Along the beautiful banks of the Thames there are many delightful villas and châteaux situated in charming spots, in one of which, very near the city of London, dwelt Sir Thomas More. It was a beautiful and commodious residence, and to this place it was his usual practice to retire when weary of London. At this house, as well on account of its proximity to London, as on account of the admirable character of its owner, men distinguished by their genius and learning, who dwelt in the City, were often accustomed to meet ; where, when alone and at leisure, they would enter into some useful argument or discourse on things pertaining to human nature ; and each using in the best manner his intellect and extensive knowledge, their arguments were attended with great profit to each other. And although, when I call to memory so choice a company as this was, I feel inclined to write concerning them, in order to present before the world a true picture of a real and genuine academy ; nevertheless, leaving that unto those who, being members of it, have a more perfect knowledge of the subject, I have now undertaken to give a single discourse."

Heywood's work is a dialogue, supposed to take place at Sir Thomas More's, on the sources of happiness. The six gentlemen amongst whom the dialogue passes having dined one day with Sir Thomas More,

"retired after dinner into a garden, distant about two stone throws from the house, and went all together to stand upon a small green eminence, and gaze on the prospect. The place was wonderfully charming, both from the advantages of its site, for from one part almost the whole of the noble city of London was visible; and from another, the beautiful Thames, with green meadows and woody eminences all around; and also for its own beauty, for as it was crowned with an almost perpetual verdure, it had flowering shrubs, and the branches of fruit trees which grew near, interwoven in so beautiful a manner, that it appeared like a living tapestry woven by Nature herself, and much more noble than any other work, inasmuch as it gave entire satisfaction, whereas the copies of beautiful objects leave the mind rather in desire than in content."

From these most graphic and intimate memoirs of his contemporaries, let us turn for a moment to a couple of letters written by More himself to his wife and children at Chelsea, both of which illustrate alike the character of the man and the story of the house in which he lived. The first of these was occasioned by an accident which happened within a few years of his settling in Chelsea.

"Sir Thomas More was made Lord Chancellor of England in Michaelmas term in

the year of our Lord 1529 (to quote from his Works published in 1557), and in the latter end of the harvest then next before, Sir Thomas then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, being returned from Cambray in Flanders where he had been Ambassador from the King, rode immediately to the King at Woodstock. And while he was there with the King, part of his own dwelling-house at Chelsea, and all his barns there full of corn, suddenly fell on fire, and were burnt, and all the corn therein, by the negligence of one of his neighbours' carts that carried the corn; and by occasion thereof were divers of his next neighbours' barns burnt also." This is his letter to his wife :—

"MISTRESS ALICE,—In my most heartiest wise I recommend me to you.

"And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbours' also with all the corn that was therein, albeit, saving God's pleasure, it is great pity of so much good corn lost, yet sith it hath liked him to send us such a chance, we must, and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in

good worth, and heartily thank him as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning. For his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves.

"Therefore I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God both for that he hath given us and for that he hath taken from us, and for that he hath left us, which if it please him he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it. I pray you to make some good ensearch what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take no thought therefor; for and I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbour of mine bear no loss by any chance happened in my house.

"I pray you with my children and your household be merry in God, and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming; and if ye think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether ye think it good that we do so or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly to leave it all up, and to put away our folk off our farm till we have somewhat

advised us thereon. Howbeit, if ye have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away he wot not whither.

"At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I should tarry still with the King's Grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance get leave this week to come home and see you ; and then shall we further devise together upon all things what order shall be best to take. And thus as hearty fare you well, with all your children, as ye can wish.

"At Woodstock the third day of September by the hand of your loving husband,

"THOMAS MORE."

This "chance"—which More was so careful never to call a mischance—was fortunately unique in the records of the house. In the whole of Chelsea, in fact, no serious fire ever occurred.

The other letter is from Thomas More to his whole school, that is to say, to his children, including Margaret Giggs whom he numbered among his children. Its substance is as follows :—

"See what a device I have found to save



Holbein *Photo Hollyer*

JUDGE MORE

paper and avoid the labour of writing all your names. But although you are so dear to me that if I had named one I must have named all the rest, yet there is no appellation under which you are dearer to me than that of scholar : the tie of learning seems almost to bind me to you more powerfully than even that of nature.

"I am glad therefore that Mr. Drue is again safely returned to you, as you know I had some reason to be anxious about him. If I did not love you so much I should envy you the happiness of possessing such excellent masters. I think Mr. Nicholas is also with you and that you are with his assistance making such prodigious progress in astronomy as not only to know the pole star and the dog star, and such common constellations, but even with a skill which argues an absolute and cunning astronomer to be able to discern the sun from the moon.

"Go on then with this new and wonderful science by which you may ascend to the stars, and while you daily consider them with your eyes, let this holy season raise your minds also to Heaven, lest while your eyes are lifted to the skies your souls should grovel among the brutes.

"Farewell.—From the Court this 23rd of March."

That the date of this latter may possibly precede that of the settlement at Chelsea by a year or two is of little consequence, for it discloses not only the learning that made More's household famous all over Europe, but also the spirit, long since evaporated, in which that learning was undertaken.

For a father to feel the slightest interest in his daughter's educational attainments—when he does not secretly regard them with fear—is rare in any age. William Shakespeare's daughters could neither read nor write, and neither Elizabeth nor Lady Jane Grey owed anything to their parents for their extraordinary proficiency in the classics. Roger Ascham, who was tutor to the former, gives an illustration of this which I cannot help quoting for the sake of contrast alone. "I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire," he writes (in the *Schoolmaster*), "to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading the *Phædo* of Plato, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park; smiling she answered me, 'I wiss all their sport

in the park is but a shadow of that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam (quoth I), to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women but very few men have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you (quoth she) and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure, and number even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure disordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly with such fair allurements to learning that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus

my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me.' I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

How sweetly the spirit of Sir Thomas More pervaded the schoolroom may be gathered from many passages in the pages of his various biographers. The anonymous MS. at Lambeth which is printed in Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography* contains several sketches of the various members of the household and their accomplishments, which are convenient for quotation, especially as exhibiting the fruits of this pleasant learning. First of Margaret Roper, "Erasmus wrote many epistles to her, and dedicated his commentaries on certain hymns of Prudentius to this gentlewoman, and calleth her the flower of all learned matrons of England. Nor was she meanly learned. She compounded in Greek and Latin, both verse and prose, and that most eloquently. Her wit was sharp and quick." As an instance, the writer mentions her impromptu emendation of an obscure passage in S. Cyprian. "Quintilian," he continues, "to show the excellency of his cunning in wit made an oration in the behalf of a poor man

whose bees standing in a rich man's garden were killed with poison sprinkled upon the flowers. She made another oration answering his, in the defence of the rich man, wherein she quitted herself so well that it is nothing inferior to that of Quintilian, though her part was the harder to defend.

"Reginald Pole, afterwards Cardinal, and John, Bishop of Exeter, so liked her epistles that they could hardly be persuaded that such learning could be found in that sex, as there they found. Sir Thomas answered the Bishops that he could assure them that they were her own doings, without any help. The next day Sir Thomas sent to her from Court to write another epistle of a theme that one of the Bishops sent her. The next day she returned her letter and thereby contented so much the Bishops, that they gave her great praise and commendations and one of them sent her a portigue (a piece of gold) in token of his good liking."

As for her character, Margaret, our writer continues, was nearest her father as well in wit, learning, and virtue, as also in merry and pleasant talk, and in feature of body. "She was to her servants meek and gentle, to her brothers and sisters most loving and amiable, to her friends steadfast and comfortable, and would give very sound counsel, which is a rare thing in a woman.

"To her husband, she was such a wife as I suppose it were hard to match her. For she was so debonair and gentle a wife, that Master Roper thought himself a happy man that ever he happened upon such a treasure, and he had her in such estimation, that he would often say that she was more worthy for her excellent qualities to have been a Prince's wife.

"But above all, she was to her father a most natural loving child, and albeit her behaviour and reverence towards him all her lifetime was much to be commended, yet never so notably as after her father's trouble and imprisonment; and then not so much for her pains and travail, which she took to procure him some ease and relief, as for her wise and godly talk, and for her comfortable letters she often sent him, and for some other reasons. So that it well appeared she was the chiefest and only comfort almost he had in this world."

Her husband, William Roper, was a zealous Protestant when he married her, "and withal, liked so well of himself and his divine learning that he took the bridle in his teeth and ran forth like a headstrong horse, and could not be pulled back again by any means. Neither was he content to whisper it in *hugger-muggar*, but thirsted very sore to divulge his doctrine to the world. Although



Holbein *Photo Hollyer*

JOHN MORE

he married Sir Thomas More's daughter, yet of all men in the world at that time, he least loved him, yea, in his heart abhorred him."

How discordant an element in such a household he must have been, may well be imagined ; but after some years he was at last brought back to the faith, thus—

"Upon a time Sir Thomas talking with his daughter, Margaret, said unto her in this sort : 'Meg, I have borne a long time with thy husband. I have reasoned and argued with him, and still given him my poor fatherly counsel ; but I perceive none of all this can call him home again. And therefore, Meg, I will no longer dispute with him ; not yet will I give him over, but I will another way to work, and get me to God, and pray for him.' And presently upon this, through the great mercy of God, and the devout prayer of his father-in-law, he perceived his own ignorance and folly, and returned again to the Catholic faith."

John, the eldest son, though not himself a writer, was deemed learned enough by Erasmus to receive the compliment of the dedication of his edition of Aristotle. Symon Grineus also dedicated to him his commentaries on Plato and Proclus.

Of the accomplishments of Margaret Giggs, who was brought up with the family, there

is a surprising anecdote: "It happened that Sir Thomas, some years before his death, had an ague, and passed two or three fits. After, he had a fit out of course, so strange and marvellous that a man would think it impossible; for he felt himself at one time both hot and cold throughout all his body, and not in one part hot and in another cold, for that is not strange, but he felt sensibly and painfully at one time in one place both contrary qualities. He asked the physicians how it might be possible. They answered it could not be. Then this little maid (for then she was very young yet had read Galen) told Sir Thomas that there was such a kind of fever; and forthwith she shewed a book of Galen where he avoucheth as much. This gentlewoman after married Doctor John Clement, famous for his singular skill in Greek and in physick."

It is perhaps in allusion to this incident that Holbein has sketched her with an open book, to which she is pointing with her finger, as thereto calling old Sir John More's attention to a particular passage. Physicians did not seem to have much chance amid so much learning and piety.

Of Henry Pattenson the "fool," whom More bequeathed to the Lord Mayor, there are two stories recorded. One occurs in Heywood's *Il Moro*, where Sir Thomas is

made to relate that " Pattenson was yesterday standing by the table while we were at dinner, and seeing among the company a gentleman with an unusually large nose, after he had gazed for some time upon his face he said aloud, to my great annoyance, 'What a terrific nose that gentleman has got!' As we all affected not to hear him, that the good man might not be abashed, Pattenson perceived that he had made a mistake, and tried to set himself right by saying: 'How I lied in my throat when I said that gentleman's nose was so monstrously large: on the faith of a gentleman it is really rather a small one.' At this, all being greatly inclined to laugh, I made signs that the fool should be turned out of the room. But Pattenson, not wishing for his own credit's sake that this should be the end of the affair (because he always used to boast, as above every other merit he possessed, that whatever he began he brought to a happy conclusion), placed himself in my seat at the head of the table and thundered out: 'There is one thing I would have you to know: that gentleman there has not the least atom of a nose.'"

Even the monkey which Holbein has only faintly sketched in, tied to a wooden clog, by Lady More's side, is immortalised by Erasmus. In the colloquy on Amity, one of the speakers relates the following anecdote as illuminating

the affection existing between animals of different species: "I will tell you something that I saw with my own eyes," he says, "at the house of Sir Thomas More. There was a large monkey which, when it was once recovering from some hurt, was allowed to walk about without its chain. At the end of the garden were some rabbits in a hutch, and there was a weasel which tried to get at them. The monkey used to watch this unconcerned so long as he saw that the rabbits were in no danger; but one day the weasel contrived to tear the hutch away from the wall so as to lay the rabbits open to attack from behind. The monkey no sooner observed this than he ran to the hutch, and climbing up on a beam, dragged the hutch back to its original position with as much skill as any human being could have used. From this it is clear that monkeys have an affection for animals of this sort; the rabbits did not know of their danger, and were in fact kissing their enemy through the lattice-work of their hutch. The monkey went to the assistance of innocence in distress."

Among the earliest of More's visitors at Chelsea was Henry VIII. "And for the pleasure he took in his companie," says Roper, "would his Grace sodenly sometymes come home to his house at Chelsie to be merry with him, whithere on a tyme unlooked for he came to



Holbein *Photo Hollyer*

CECILY HERON

dinner, and after dinner in a faire garden of his walked with him by the space of an houre, houlding his arme about his neck. As soone as his Grace was gone, I rejoycinge, tould Sir Thomas Moore how happie he was, whome the King had so familiarly entertayned, as I had never seen him do to any before, except Cardinall Wolsey, whom I saw his Grace once walk with arme in arme. 'I thanke our Lord (sonne),' quoth he, 'I find his Grace my very good Lord indeed, and I do believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this Realme. Howbeit (sonne Roper) I may tell thee, I have no cause to be prowde thereof. For yf my head would winne him a Castle in Fraunce (for then there was war between us) yt should not fayle to go.'"

Another visitor was the Duke of Norfolk, of whom Roper relates that "The Duke coming on a time to Chelsey to dine with him, fortuned to find him at Church singing in the choir with a surplice on his back; to whom after service as they went home together arm in arm, the Duke said, 'God body, God body (my Lord Chancellor), a parish clerk, a parish clerk, you dishonour the King and his office.' 'Nay,' quoth Sir Thomas More, smiling upon the Duke, 'your Grace may not think that the King, your master and mine, will with me for serving God his Master

be offended, or thereby count his office dishonoured.'"

Another was Cromwell. More resigned the Chancellorship on 16th May 1532. "Now upon this resignment of office," Roper records, "came Sir Thomas Cromwell (then in the King's high favour) to Chelsey to him on a message from the King; wherein when they had throughly communed together, 'Mr. Cromwell' (quoth he), 'you are now entered into the service of a most noble, wise, and liberal Prince; if you will follow my poor advice, you shall in counsel giving unto His Grace ever tell him what he ought to do but never tell him what he is able to do; so shall you show yourself a true faithful servant and a right worthy counsellor. For if the lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him.'"

"And whereas upon the holidayes," says Roper, "during high Chancellorshipp, one of his gentlemen, when service at the Church was downe, ordinarilie used to come to my ladie, his wife's pue, and say, 'Madam, my lord is gone,' the next holiday after the surrender of his office, and departure of his gentlemen, he came unto my ladie, his wife's pue himselfe, and makinge a low curtesie, sayd to her, 'Madam, my lord is gone.'"

Cresacre More, who relates this anecdote with a little more colour, continues it thus:

"This was the way that he thought fittest to break this matter unto his wife; who was full sorry to hear it; and it may be she spoke then those words which I have rehearsed before, 'Tilly vally; what will you do, Mr. More; will you sit and make goslings in the ashes; it is better to rule than to be ruled.' But to requite her brave mind, he began to find fault with her dressing, for which she chiding her daughters that none of them could espy it, they still saying they could find none; Sir Thomas merrily said, 'Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry?' At which words she stept away from him in a rage. All which he did to make her think the less of her decay of honour, which else would have troubled her sore.

"Shortly after this he called all his servants together, many of whom were gentlemen of good sort and fashion, and told them, that he could not maintain them as he gladly would, and therefore demanded them, what course of life they would betake themselves to; and if they purposed to serve any nobleman, he would undertake to place them to their contentment; who with eyes full of tears affirmed that they had rather serve him for nothing than most men for a great stipend; but when to this he would not agree, he settled them all in places most fit for their turns, either

with Bishops or noblemen. His barge he gave to my Lord Audley, who succeeded him in his office, and with it his eight watermen ; his fool, Pattison, he gave to the Lord Mayor of London, upon this condition, that he should every year wait upon him that should have that office.

"After this he called before him all his children, and asking their advice, how he might now in the decay of his ability so impaired by the surrender of his office, that he could not hereafter as he had done and gladly would bear out the whole charges of them all himself (for all his children with their children had hitherto dwelt with him) so that they could not be able to continue together as he could wish they should : when he saw them all silent and none to show him their opinion therein, 'Then will I (said he) show unto you my mind : I have been brought up at Oxford, at an Inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and in the King's court, from the lowest degree to the highest ; and yet have I in yearly revenues at this present little left me above a hundred pounds by the year : so that now if we look to live together, you must be content to be contributories together. But my counsel is, that we fall not to the lowest fare first ; we will not therefore descend to Oxford fare, nor to the fare of New Inn ; but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet,



Holbein

MARGARET ROPER

where many right worshipful men of great account and good years do live full well; which if we find ourselves the first year not able to maintain, then will we the next year come down to Oxford fare, where many great learned and ancient fathers and doctors are continually conversant; which if our purses stretch not to maintain neither, then may we after with bag and wallet go a-begging together, hoping that for pity some good folks will give us their charity, and at every man's door to sing a 'Salve Regina,' whereby we shall still keep company and be merry together."

Two passages in Roper's memoir give us a vivid picture of More's last days at Chelsea. The first is after he had been summoned to Lambeth on the Parliament Bill: "Then took Sir Thomas More his boat towards his house at Chelsea, wherein by the way he was very merry, and for that was I nothing sorry, hoping that he had gotten himself discharged out of the Parliament Bill. When he was come home, then walked we two alone into his garden together where I, desirous to know how he had sped, said, 'Sir, I trust all is well, because you be so merry.' 'That is so indeed (son Roper), I thank God,' quoth he. 'Are you put out of the Parliament Bill then?' said I. 'By my troth, son Roper,' quoth he, 'I never remember it.' 'Never remembered

it, sir,' quoth I: 'a case that toucheth yourself so near, and us all for your sake! I am sorry to hear it. For I verily trusted when I saw you all so merry, that all had been well.' Then said he, 'Wilt thou know, son Roper, why I was so merry?' 'That would I gladly, sir,' quoth I. 'In good faith I rejoiceth, son,' quoth he, 'that I had given the Devil so foul a fall, and that with those lords I had gone so far, as, without great shame, I could never go back again.' At which words waxed I very sad. For though himself liked it well, yet liked it me but a little."

And again: "So fell it out within a month or thereabout after the making of the Statute for the Oath of Supremacy and Matrimony, that all the Priests of London and Westminster, and no temporal men but he were sent to appear at Lambeth before the Bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and Secretary Cromwell, Commissioners, other, to tender the oath unto them. Then Sir Thomas More, as his accustomed manner was always, e'er he entered into any matter of importance (as when he was first chosen of the King's Privy Council, when he was sent Ambassador, appointed Speaker of the Parliament, made Lord Chancellor, or when he took any like weighty matter upon him), to go to the Church, and to be confessed, to hear mass, and be hoosled: so did he likewise in the

morning early the selfsame day that he was summoned to appear before the Lords at Lambeth.

"And whereas he used evermore before, at his departure from his house and children (whom he loved tenderly), to have them bring him to his boat, and there to kiss them all, and bid them farewell, then would he suffer none of them forth of the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him and shut them all from him, and with an heavy heart (as by his countenance it appeared) with me and our foot servants, there took his boat towards Lambeth. Wherein sitting full sadly awhile, at the last he sounded me in the ear and said, 'Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won.' What he meant thereby, then, I wist not. Yet loth to seem ignorant I answered, 'Sir, I am thereof very glad.' But as I conjectured afterwards it was for that the love he had to God wrought in him so effectually, that it conquered in him all his carnal affectations utterly."

CHAPTER II

HAD More's successor in the enjoyment of Chelsea House been selected by Fortune for the sake of contrast alone, it is unlikely that the choice would have fallen upon anyone but Pawlet, to whom as Comptroller of the Royal household it was put in custody on More's attainder, and afterwards granted by the King in fee. Profiting perhaps by the example, but endowed with none of the characteristics of More, Pawlet contrived to lengthen out his tenure to nearly forty years, without leaving a single scrap of record or tradition wherewith to enliven the story of the house. As the fountain-head of our oldest existing Marquisate, and Lord Treasurer under four monarchs, he is entitled to all the respect attaching to success ; and in preferring the coronet of a Marquis to the crown of a martyr, he set an example which was much needed in an age when emotional people were viewed with suspicion, and which went far towards establishing the aristocracy on a firmer basis than that of blood. "Truly," says Naunton, "it seems

the old man had taught them all, especially William Earl of Pembroke; for they two were always of the King's [that is to say the prevailing] religion, and thereof zealous professors. Of these it is said that being both younger brothers, yet of noble houses, they spent what was left them, and came on trust to the Court; where upon the bare stock of their wits they began to traffic for themselves, and prospered so well that they got, spent, and left more than any subject from the Norman Conquest to their own times."

It was certainly a rare achievement to keep steadily on during so violent a period; but the one saying of his by which Pawlet is remembered ought to console us for the loss of saints and heroes. When questioned, says Naunton, by an intimate friend of his, how he stood up for thirty years together amidst the change and ruins of so many counsellors and great personages, "Why," quoth the Marquis, "Ortus sum ex salice, non ex quercu—I was made of pliable willow, not of the stubborn oak."

John Knox, in the last sermon he preached before King Edward in 1552, used the occasion to lash out at Pawlet under cover of scriptural allusion. "Shebna," he said, "was unto good King Esekias sometime Comptroller, sometime Secretary, and last of all Treasurer; to which office he had never been promoted

under so godly a prince, if the treason and malice which he bare against the King and God's true religion had been manifestly known. No, Shebna was a crafty old fox, and could show such a fair countenance to the King that neither he nor his Council could espy his malicious treason."

At a later time, says Strype, he said somewhat more, "Not in a corner, but even before those whom his conscience judged worthy of accusation." He said that since that time he had declared himself more manifestly, namely, under Queen Mary. He affirmed that under the innocent King, pestilent papists had the greatest authority. "Oh, who was judged to be the soul and life of the Council in every matter of weighty importance? Who but Shebna? Who was most frank and ready to destroy Somerset, and set up Northumberland? Was it not Shebna? Who was most bold to cry Bastard, Bastard, incestuous Bastard Mary shall never reign over us! And who, I pray, was most busy to say . . . let never that obstinate woman come to authority, she is an errant papist, she will subvert the true religion, and will bring in strangers to the destruction of the Commonwealth? Which of the Council, I say, had these and greater persuasions against Mary to whom he now crouches and kneeleth? Shebna the Treasurer!"

In private life, the Marquis was possibly more attractive, and Strype records that when the young Queen Elizabeth visited his house at Basing in the first year of her reign, and he rose to the occasion with all manner of good cheer, "she openly and merrily bemoaned herself that the Marquis was so old (he was born in 1475), for else, by my troth, said she, if My Lord Treasurer were but a young man, I could find it in my heart to have him for my husband before any man in England."

At a later period it seems that he was indebted to Her Majesty for considerably more than charming compliments like this. Within a few months of his death, which occurred in March 1572, John, his son and successor, was obliged to mortgage the Chelsea estate in part satisfaction of a debt to the Queen amounting to no less than thirty-five thousand pounds. Three years later, John had parted with the house altogether, by selling it to Lord and Lady Dacre, in whose possession it remained for the next twenty years.

Had the house remained in the Pawlet family to this day, as it might very easily have done, its subsequent history would certainly not have been as entertaining, though it would probably have escaped demolition. As it happened, the second wife of the second Marquis diverted its course into

another channel which gave it a greater though a less permanent lustre. She was the widow of Sir Richard Sackville, "or as people then called him (says Naunton) Fill-sack, by reason of his great wealth," and by him the mother of Lady Dacre, and of that great poet and statesman, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst. In persuading her new husband to dispose of the house to her daughter, the Marchioness incurred the wrath of her step-son, the third Marquis. He is mentioned by Walpole as being memorable for nothing but being the author of a book styled *The Lord Marquess' Idleness*, containing manifold matters of acceptable device; as sage sentences, prudent precepts, moral examples, sweet similitudes, proper comparisons, and other remembrances of special choice. No less pleasant to peruse than profitable to practice." But he has contributed something to the story of our house in recording the circumstances of its transfer from the family of Pawlet to that of Dacre. In a paper at the Record Office entitled "The just griefs of the Marquis of Winchester against Winifred, the Lady Marchioness of Winchester, his late father's wife," he vents his anger against his step-mother for many supposed injustices, among which it is alleged that in 1575 the house at Chelsea, which cost fourteen thousand pounds, and the land to it worth fourteen thousand

pounds, was sold to the Lord Dacre and his wife for but three thousand pounds—"whereof paid in truth but two thousand pounds."

Making every allowance for his just grief, it is difficult to believe that the property was at this time worth so much as twenty-eight thousand pounds; and if there was in fact any underhand dealing about the transaction, it is compensated, so far as we are now concerned, by the fact that Lady Dacre and her illustrious brother are brought into the story.

That Lord Buckhurst lived in the house is proved by many of his letters being dated from Chelsea, and that he had some interest in its legal ownership appears from subsequent dealings with it. It is a pity that Chelsea cannot claim credit for the fruits of his earlier years—Gorboduc, the first English tragedy, and the Induction to The Mirrour for Magistrates—but poesy has in all ages been subordinated to business, and we must turn to Naunton for a portrait of him at such a time as he was in residence with his sister.

"He was a very fine gentleman of person, and endowments both of art and nature, both without measure magnificent, till on the turn of his humour and the allay of his years and good Counsels had wrought upon those insubordinate Courses of his youth and that height of spirit inherent to his house. And then did the Queen as a most judicious and

indulgent Prince, when she saw the man grow stayed and settled, give him her assistance and advanced him to the Treasurership, where he made amends to his house for his misspent time, both in the increasement of estate and honour, which the Queen conferred on him, together with the opportunity to remake himself, and thereby to show that this was a child that should have a share in her grace and a taste of her bounty."

Of his services to English literature, and in particular to William Shakespeare, it is hardly to be expected that Naunton has anything to say. It is enough that he commends his style : "They much commend his elocution, but more the excellency of his pen ; for he was a scholar, and a person of a quick dispatch (faculties that yet run in the blood), and they say of him that his secretaries did little for him by the way of inditement, wherein they could seldom please him, he was so facet and choice in his phrase and style."

Walpole is ampler to his literary fame in calling him the Patriarch of a race of genius and wit, and coupling him with the Earl of Oxford as the originator of Taste. "Our historic plays," he concludes, "are allowed to have been founded on the heroic narratives in The Mirrour for Magistrates ; to that plan and to the boldness of Lord Buckhurst's new scenes perhaps we owe Shakespeare."

His sister, Lady Dacre, though not remarkable during her lifetime for any special excellences, has nevertheless enriched posterity in a different though hardly less permanent form than her brother, namely, by the endowment of the Alms-houses which were formerly in Tothill Fields. For this purpose her executors — of whom Lord Burghley was one—were charged to draw up "Statutes and Ordinances," and it is perhaps to them, rather than to Lady Dacre herself, that Chelsea is still entitled to a Share in the endowment, under the following clause :—

"We ordain that two poor people shall be taken out of the Parish of Chelsea, and that every of the said poor people shall have liberty to keep and bring up one poor child within the said Hospital, so as the child be brought up in some good or laudable art or science, whereby he or she may the better in time to come live by their honest labour.

"Provided always that if the inhabitants of the Parish, or some of them, shall not from time to time keep and maintain the Chapel at Chelsea wherein a tomb for the Lord and Lady Dacre is erected in good preservation, and also cause the said tomb to be kept dry and clean at all times within one month next after warning given publicly at the same Church upon the Sabbath Day, immediately

after the Divine Service in the hearing of two of the inhabitants of the Parish at least, by the executors or any of them ; and after their decease, by the Lord Mayor of London, or Aldermen, that the Chapel is not well repaired or well kept, and the said tomb made clean and dry, that the inhabitants and Parish of Chelsea shall ever after lose the benefit of having any poor people of the Parish of Chelsea placed in the said Hospital from thenceforth."

Thanks to this proviso, the magnificent tomb is still in excellent repair. It is worth noting, by the bye, that it was probably not completed at the time these ordinances were drawn up, and that the reason why it is not in the Chapel, but in the aisle, is that it was found to be too large to stand in the Chapel. Thus, within thirty years of its erection, we find the aisle, and not the Chapel, mentioned in a curious notice relating to the selection of candidates—

" Whereas there is a place void in the Lady Dacre's Alms-houses, which is to be bestowed either by the free choice of the inhabitants of this Parish or else by her successors that hath the repair of her aisle and monument in the Parish Church according to her last will and testament ; so it is that you are to give warn-

ing to the Churchwardens to the Overseers of the poor and to the rest of the Parish that there be a day appointed for the general meeting of the inhabitants at the Parish Church concerning this election, whereby it may be performed according to the last will and testament of the foundress, which just course ought not in any sort to be impiously violated as hath been of late practised by some of the inhabitants by private suffrages and indirect courses. For the avoiding of which odious disorder and indirect practice, you are to give warning to the whole Parish in manner aforesaid. And that a day of meeting for the one performance thereof be nominated, and public warning to be given hereof at the Church accordingly as you will answer the neglect of your duty in that behalf at your perils. A. GORGES.

"*9th September* 1624."

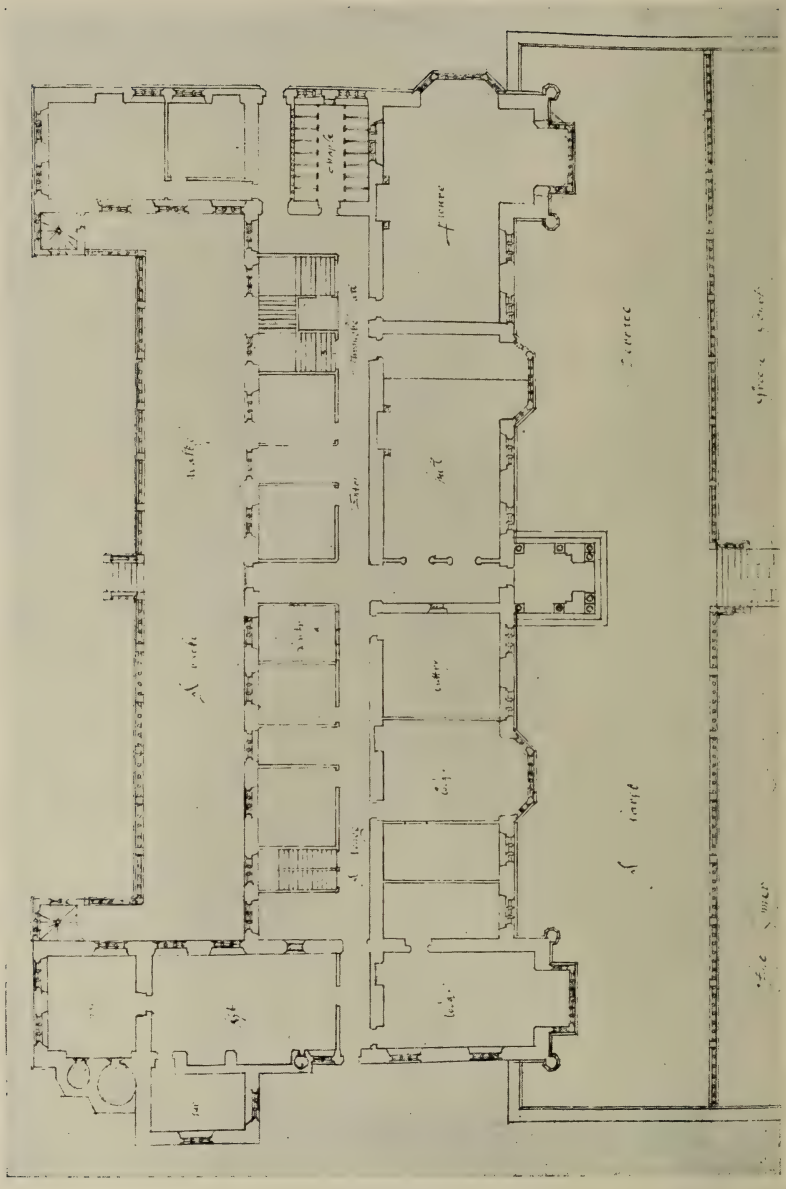
Lady Dacre devised her Chelsea property to Lord Burghley for life, with remainder to his younger son, Sir Robert Cecil—created Earl of Salisbury. She died in 1595, and it is hardly probable that Burghley ever occupied the house, as within a couple of years we find that he handed it over to Cecil.

There is a tradition that "The Queen's Elm" owes its appellation to Burghley, which

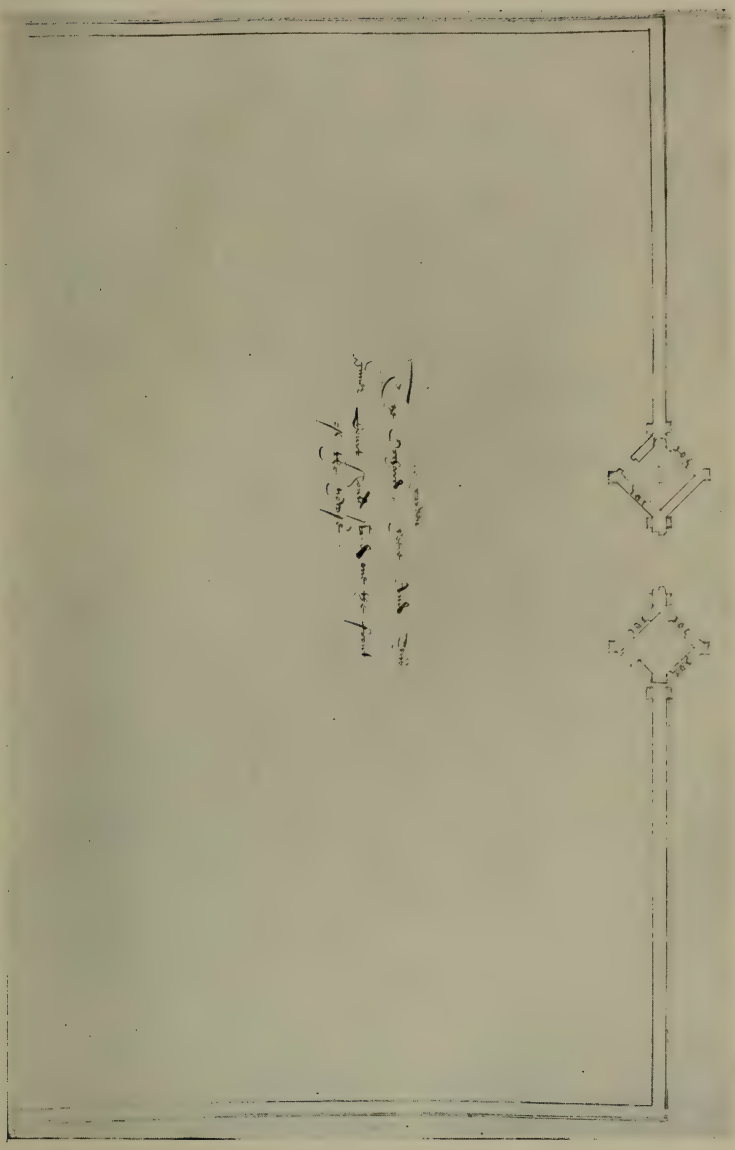
may have some foundation in fact. The story goes, that Elizabeth was walking with Burghley, when a heavy shower came on; that they took refuge under an elm tree, growing on this spot, and the Queen said, "Let this henceforth be called the Queen's Tree." It is recorded that an arbour was built round this tree at the expense of the parish before the close of the sixteenth century, and though there is nothing to establish Burghley's connection with it, there is nothing to contradict it. That Elizabeth was often at Chelsea is well known, for she was at the Manor House, with Katherine Parr, when quite a child, and frequently revisited it when it was in the occupation of Nottingham, the Lord Admiral.

From the Hatfield Papers may be gleaned a variety of letters relating to the house during the few years following Lady Dacre's death; though nothing, unfortunately, as to how much Cecil actually did to it.

On the 15th July 1595 it is reported to Cecil that an inventory had been handed to his father of all that was left in the old house, and that "at my Lord Treasurer's and your liking you may order the house and take it with your possessions." Cecil seems to have lost no time in setting about rebuilding it, for on the 3rd September his steward writes to him for the "plattes of Chelsey House,



GROUND PLAN OF THE GREAT HOUSE
From the original by John Thorpe



AND ITS FORECOURT
In Sir John Soane's Museum

made by Torrington." One of these plattes (as I suppose it to be) is still preserved at Hatfield, showing a ground plan of the magnificent building figured in Kip's well-known view of "Beaufort House," as it was called a century later.

But the succession of this estate, from the time that it was wrested from Sir Thomas More, never seems to have run smoothly. We have seen how it was alleged to have come into Lady Dacre's hands, and the following letter to Cecil seems to throw some doubt about Cecil's title in view of the claims of Lady Dacre's brother, Lord Buckhurst :—

"17*th October* 1596.

"I have spoken to Mr. Moore about the estate of your lands at Chelsea, who saith you need not doubt but all shall fall out very well : notwithstanding when he shall have looked up a certain piece of evidence he will give such directions for a conveyance to be made from my Lord Buckhurst as you shall not afterwards need to fear him ; for whatsoever interest is or may lie in him to prejudice you either by himself or by combining with my Lord Marquess (of Winchester) shall so be derived from him as all shall be safe. But in any case my Lord Buckhurst must not know that any conveyance is sought of him for

any other cause than for the invalidity of his release in respect of his tenancy in common."

In less than two years the house was ready for occupation again. On the 22nd June 1597 it was reported to Cecil that "the bed-chamber and withdrawing room are matted, and this day they are about to hang them. There wanteth your direction what stone you will that the footpasses be made of to the chimneys in these two rooms, as also to the gallery; also whether you will have the hangings in the great chamber to be hung at their full length or tucked up."

But for some reason or other, Cecil does not seem to have been very anxious to keep the house, and so soon as October 1598, Sir John Fortescue writes thanking him for the offer of it, but regretting that he cannot so presently provide the money as Cecil desires. In less than a year, Cecil succeeded in selling it to Henry, second Earl of Lincoln, who dates a letter from it on the 7th July 1599. That Cecil made a good bargain out of it, may be gathered from a letter from Lincoln in 1601. "I have long toiled to convert your timber and stone of Chelsea into silver and gold for you, and do now send £500 by my son as part of my labours. I desire to end this troublesome office, if I were able to

discharge it with any lands, goods, or other things to your contentment, which I assure you from the first I desired to please you in more than myself by any profit or pleasure from such a house as bringeth with it so many inconveniences and troubles unfit for an old man, who ought rather to provide for his end, than for any other worldly thing. . . ."

Lincoln was remarkable for eccentricity, if for little else ; but of his residence here there are one or two records which show him up in a positively lurid light. The first is a letter written to Cecil on the 14th May 1600, by Francis Norreys, his stepson (Lincoln had married the widow of Lord Norreys of Rycote as his second wife), asking him to expostulate with Lincoln on behalf of his mother, "for she exceedingly fears to exasperate the rancour of his malice towards her, because she has resolved how vilely soever he use her to live with him for ever, in respect of the tenderness she bears to the children she has by him, whom he threatens to abandon if she makes any means to depart his house : which to prevent, he keeps her locked up like a prisoner, without suffering her either to write or hear from any of her friends, having appointed to guard her an Italian, a man that hath done divers murders in Italy and in the Low Countries, for which he fled

into England ; from whom I protest she has just cause hourly to fear the cutting of her throat."

Further complications were occasioned by the fact that the estate was settled on Sir Arthur Gorges, who had married Lincoln's daughter. On the 6th September 1600 Lincoln writes to Cecil—

> "The day of my payments to you and others approaches, and by forfeitures the means I have to satisfy them are by my restraint here taken away. My treacherous son-in-law has so abused me in the trust I committed to him, that I cannot make sale of my house in Chelsea till by law he be enforced to clear the estate he has."

Nor, as before mentioned, does Lincoln seem to have been very well satisfied with his bargain, for on the 26th September 1600 he writes again to Cecil—

> "Although I have not importuned you therein, I doubt not but that you will consider that since I have bought it so dear, upon your own motion, which otherwise I would not have presumed to have thought on, being so far unable to deal in so great a matter you will afford me your goodwill and help in selling it again, or countenance

me against such as seek Naboth's vineyard by un-Christian and odious cosenage."

With this was enclosed a "memorandum that Sir Robert Cecil promised to Henry Earl of Lincoln to procure the Executors of Lady Dacre to assign the benefit of the lands of the Marquis of Winchester for the assurance of lands at Chelsea to the said Earl. . . . 1st April 1599."

These letters Cecil sent to Gorges (of whom we shall speak presently), whose reply is eloquent enough to be given in full.

"None can better testify my careful zeal towards this ungrateful miser than you, whom I have so often solicited with excusing his vices. The love I bore his daughter made me so to do, and his cankered disposition requites me accordingly. Of late, he has required me to pass Chelsea from my wife and children to his son Edward Clinton, which I in reason have paused at, but not refused; and therein he informs you of a mere untruth.

"Again, in that he alleges that he would sell it, to pay his debts, and yours among the rest, it is a mere collusion, for his poor son can yield no money for it, to whom he would have passed it by fine and recovery, and not with an intent to sell it

to pay debts, so that therein also he is untrue. But he, finding his right too weak to wrest my wife and children out of it, would now pretend a poor sale to pay his debts. He has already brought my poor wife to the grave, as I fear, with his most odious and unnatural despite that he has used towards her, the most obedient child in the world. His wickedness, misery, craft, repugnance to all humanity, and perfidious mind is not amongst the heathens to be matched. God bless me from him. To have the lands after his death, I would not be tied to observe him to his life. I yield you thanks for your noble respect as your letter shows, but I disclaim from all his favours, since he has wrought the destruction of my wife with his most tyrannous and wicked dealings. I have here returned you his false epistle and beseech God to plague him or me as the information are false."

As though these family matters were not enough to distract him, the Lord Admiral and Sir Robert Cecil had to admonish Lord Lincoln on a more public occasion in April 1601 in the following letter :—

"Our very good Lord,"—it runs,—"Such hath been the mischanecs and great folly of your servants at Chelsea, as

when Her Majesty did lately ride abroad, and was accompanied with the Scottish Ambassador, she was very desirous to have gone into your house and gardens; from whence she was kept out in so rude a fashion, as we protest unto you your enemies wanted not a colour to say it was by your direction. For after a great knocking at both gates, some of your people did not only show themselves within, but some of them looked out of the house over the walls.

"These things did not a little trouble the Queen, though she would make no speech of it then; but we have found it since so suspiciously to move her as she did almost seem to take it to be done of purpose. Whereupon we (out of our care that she should not in any public place speak disgracefully of you) did first assure her that when you went away you had hoped to see her there and had provided for Her Majesty, and that being constrained to go away, you told us that whensoever you might know that she had a desire to come thither you would not stick to come up again for that purpose, rather than she should think you unwilling to give Her Majesty all contentment, affirming to her also how readily you had served her that day of the Rebellion; whereunto we also added (because we saw it stuck so fast in her) that rather than fail

we durst undertake that you (in token how much you despised the matter of charge) would be contented to make us your stewards for a dinner and anything that belongs to it. Of this your offer Her Majesty hath spoken since with very great contentment and honour of you (whereof although peradventure you will say, you are not like to taste benefit), yet we are sure that your own judgment serves you, that it cannot be good for you (who have so many enemies) that the world should conceive that Her Majesty had any ill-conceit of you.

"Now your Lordship shall understand that although we hoped you should have been here in so good time as to have invited her yourself, yet Her Majesty being to remove upon Tuesday next, has much pressed that we would bring her thither, and the rather before the Ambassador's departure, that he (for these were her own words) that saw her kept out may see her also let in.

"Into which strait things being brought, we (that can have no other end but your own good) have even adventured to make good our offer, and so upon Saturday next Her Majesty will dine there, where we will moderate expenses as if it were for ourselves; and we will also find out some present, such as we

presume you will not think too much, and when you come up you shall see it; whereby we hope you shall not have cause to believe that we have gained of you by any brokage.

"Thus have we done that which we would wish should be done to us in the like case by you if (out of the same circumstances that lead us) you shall at any time proceed as we have done.

"From the Court at Whitehall."

This somewhat serious letter elicited from the "ungrateful miser" a speedy reply, dated at his Castle of Tattershall in Lincolnshire 2nd May, and addressed to the Lord Admiral.

"I am sorry that the foolish and rude behaviour of base artysants in my house should give cause to my enemies to speak suspiciously of my willingness to do my duty to Her Majesty in whatsoever I am able to perform, though it were with the adventure of my life; which I have many times and many years past made as great trial and testimony of as any nobleman now living: and I am ready (notwithstanding my old and sickly years) to lose to do Her Majesty service in.

"I am bound to your Lordship and Mr. Secretary that it has pleased you to re-

member what care I took to prepare for Her Majesty's coming; I did not only provide then all things in the best sort I could, but stayed so long that I came short to the Assizes, to my great loss and hindrance; and yet at my departure left the house (as appeareth) in readiness when Her Majesty should command it, more chargeably furnished than I intended, if it had not been in respect of Her Majesty's disposition to come thither. Whom though I never durst nor dare presume to invite thither, knowing myself neither able to perform it as I would with my heart wish to give her contentment, nor experienced as many others are which are encouraged by sundry her great favours and graces bestowed on them boldly without fear to their great comfort to attempt the same: yet do now after humble thanks for your care of me, refer myself to be considered of as you shall think fit for one in my case, so far absent, that has no better means to give contentment to Her Majesty and satisfaction to your Lordship and Mr. Secretary always ready to honour and obey you as far as my pressed down estate will suffer, as knows the living Lord."

But so large an encroachment on his pocket seems to have called forth more resentment

than can be read between the lines of this formal apology, which was probably intended for the perusal of the Queen herself. For it is followed by another letter on the 31st May to Cecil, which his secretary endorses thus: "The Earl of Lincoln to my master. A desperat lettre." It is certainly not very cheerful.

"If my conscience did not witness with me the dutiful love and desire I have and ever had to show my affection and readiness to serve Her Majesty in my words uttered to your servants, I should think you had some ground to write those bitter threats. But since I have always carried a dutiful heart to her and testified it many ways, and that you have proof of my love to you more than to others, the wrongs now offered by you are greater than my tongue or pen can or dare express.

"I did truly, upon occasion offered, declare to them my hard estate; to be many thousands in debt, besides the money which I lay in prison for not yet fully paid, nor my lands freed from that mighty charge which is every half-year issuing out to Her Majesty, yourself, and others: which maketh me unable to endure this new charge intended to be imposed upon me, which by general report amounteth to

as much as seven noblemen's subsidies: without using any words of offence to you as by the placing of application of them by the reporter is imagined.

"If for these my griefs uttered I shall be complained of as one that repineth or wanteth dutiful affection, and instead of commiseration of persons honourable minded to help me, my words shall be wrested to the undoing of a loyal nobleman, with disgraceful terms unworthily applied, how rare a precedent this is I leave to the consideration of others, and myself to your advised and better consideration. This last of May 1601."

In 1615 Lincoln died, and the Chelsea estate passed under his daughter's marriage settlement to her husband, Sir Arthur Gorges; a person of such varied attainments, though so little known, that a separate chapter may well be accorded to him.

CHAPTER III

IT is to Edmund Spenser that Sir Arthur Gorges is most indebted for his escape from oblivion; for his own efforts, though commendable enough in themselves, lacked the requisite force, amid the crowd of Elizabethan giants, to bring his name into any prominence. In another age he would have been quite a remarkable figure; and as a faithful follower, if not an intimate friend, of men like Spenser, Essex, Raleigh, Cecil, and Bacon, he deserves the credit of having done more and gained less than many of his better-known contemporaries.

It was through Spenser, as it happens, that he was first introduced to public notice, namely, in the dedication to the Daphnaïda, which was occasioned by the death of Gorges' first wife, Douglas, daughter and heiress of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Bindon—

"To the Right Honorable and Vertuous Lady Helena, Marquesse of North-hampton.

"I have the rather presumed humbly to

offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good will which I bear unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great Antiquitie in this Realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their Prince and Countrey: besides so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, knightes: and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour done to the White Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable

favour and protection. London, this first of Januarie, 1591.—Your Honours humbly ever, ED. SP."

Alcyon is the name by which Spenser idealises Gorges—

> Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest,
> Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive,

and though doleful enough, the picture of him lamenting for his "White Lyonesse" is exceedingly sweet—

> So as I muzed on the miserie
> In which men live, and I of many most
> Most miserable man; I did espie
> Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
> Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
> And Jaakob staff in hand devoutly crost,
> Like to some Pilgrim come from far away.
>
> His carelesse locks uncombèd and unshorne,
> Hong long adowne and beard all overgrowne,
> That well he seemed to be sume wight forlorne;
> Downe to the earth his heavy eyes were throwne,
> As loathing light; and ever as he went
> He sighèd soft, and inly deep did grone,
> As if his heart in peeces would have rent.
>
> Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
> And by the semblant of his countenaunce,
> Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
> Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;
> Alcyon he, the jollie Shepheard swaine
> That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
> And fill with pleasaunce every wood and plaine.

In Alcyon's complaint there is one stanza which demands quotation on other grounds than its peculiar charm—

Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keepe,
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my joy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

This takes us to Cornwall, where it is probable that Gorges' youth was spent. His mother, Winifred, was daughter of Roger Budockshead, of South Budeaux on the banks of the Tamar, and aunt to Sir Walter Raleigh. It is noticeable that Spenser speaks of an intimate personal acquaintance with Gorges, but only of the fame of his wife, as though Spenser had first met him in the West Country before his marriage, being intimate with his cousin, Raleigh. Unfortunately, Gorges has left no records of his early life; for they might have thrown very valuable light not only on some of the obscure chapters of Spenser's history, but also on some of the lighter poems of the age, which it is now impossible to ascribe to any certain author. This stanza alone is enough to raise the presumption that Gorges' extant works (all of a later date when he was occupied in more serious business) are by no means all that he

wrote; and it is quite possible that some of the anonymous ditties which found their way into the numerous collections of his time were from his hand.

In Colin Clout, Alcyon is again mentioned with unmistakable favour: indeed, he is placed third in the list of shepherds whose pipes were neither "untunable or crazy."

> "Ah! nay (said Colin), neither so, nor so;
> For better shepheards be not under skie,
> Nor better hable, when they list to blow
> Their pipes aloud, . . ."

There are Harpalus and Corydon—

> "And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
> Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
> Whose gentle spight for Daphne's death doth tourn
> Sweet layes of love to endless plaints of pittie.
> Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt
> In thy sweete Eglantine of Meriflure;
> Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
> That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure."

Whatever the "wonted height" of his notes may have been, and which, if any, of the sweet lays of love that have been preserved may be attributed to him, will probably never be ascertained; and from this time he appears to have followed the fortunes of Raleigh rather than of Spenser, his ambition growing wider than higher. His father, Sir William, was Vice-Admiral of the Fleet, and it is recorded that Arthur was not backward

in helping to repel the Armada, both with money and valour. In 1595 he wrote to Sir Robert Cecil: "Yesternight I heard some conceit of my Lord Admiral's going to the seas (this was Howard of Effingham, afterwards his neighbour in Chelsea), and myself being no less ready to expose my life and fortune in the service of Her Majesty do beseech you to make known unto her Highness my dutiful disposition to attend that noble gentleman in such employments, having hereto served four or five times in her Highness's Ships. I do not affect the sea service with any hope of benefit, but only as ready to follow true honour in the loyal service of my Prince and Country."

Hopes of benefit, however, are plainly apparent through the whole course of his later life, and it was not long after this that he advanced himself very considerably by securing in marriage the hand of Lady Elizabeth Clinton, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, coupled with the reversion of the Great House at Chelsea on the Earl's death. Until this reversion fell in, he was settled in the smaller house adjoining it, to which he retired when he sold the other.

His second marriage was afoot as early as 1596, though probably not celebrated until after his return from the Islands Voyage. On the 18th November he writes asking Cecil

for his good offices, being now "plunged over the ears by that mastering disease of affection." "If I had relied upon any hopes or haps in the place where I served," he continues, "I might no doubt have taken a course more worldly wise and behooful for myself than this marriage; but when I saw, even in very base and bare requests, myself often refused, and my success fruitless, and that by the tie of my pensioners place (he was one of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners) I was ever restrained from foreign adventure for honour and good hap, which many inferior persons attained unto, it strake flat the sails of all my poor Ambition and converted in me all those frail desires of hap and honour unto the lowly humour of quiet and content." He speaks of twenty years of his youth faithfully spent in the Queen's service, "without any manner of advancement or recompense." God Himself, he observes, is slow to conceive a wrath and ready to forgive; and at the worst, what he (Gorges) has done is but a love matter and that of the truest kind, which is marriage, "but Truth is said to cut the throat of him that carries her, and so perhaps your honour will think this hath done mine, which if it do, so it be not with a dull knife, but that I may quickly know whether my part be comical or tragical, I care not."

The next thing we know of him is that

in 1597 he accompanied Essex and Raleigh on the expedition to the Azores, being Commander of the Wast Spite, which was the Rear-Admiral's (Raleigh's) ship. His account of this expedition, which he wrote in 1607 for the instruction of Prince Henry, is included in the fourth book of Purchas' *Pilgrims*, as an appendix to the shorter official account signed by Essex and his colleagues. It is a most interesting document, and being interspersed with divers observations for the benefit of the young Prince, it makes excellent reading. It shows him no less interested than experienced in various branches of naval and military warfare, and as giving all due credit to Essex while his natural bias for his cousin Raleigh might be supposed to influence him, especially as he was writing for Prince Henry.

Of the many difficulties that beset the expedition at the outset, he discourses on two in particular that are not to be found in official documents, and that afford him an occasion for expatiating on the advisability of finding a judicious mean between hardship and luxury. After inveighing against the London brewers for their profits made out of Thames water improperly brewed and put into stinking casks, he continues, "But as God would, at that instant when we had discharged our ships of that unserviceable poisonous drink, there came very happily

into Plymouth for a supply a tall prize laden with Spanish Canary wines which was distributed amongst the fleet to make beverage." The fleet was at last got into sailing order. "But yet this violent and dangerous tempest," he continues, alluding to the rough passage from Sandwich, "had so cooled and battered the courages of a good many of our young gentlemen (who seeing that the boisterous and merciless seas had neither affinity with London delicacy nor Court bravery) as that discharging their high plumes and embroidered cassocks they secretly retired themselves home, forgetting either to bid their friends farewell or to take leave of their general. And here by the way a little to digress, I think it not amiss justly to reprehend and tax our nation for their improper and vain manner of going to the wars, and especially those that had never seen service. For be he poor or rich when he first prepares to go to serve he will take more care and be at more cost to provide himself of a roystering Feather and a clynckant coat than to be furnished either of fit Armes or of necessary clothing to keep out wet and cold; whereby they come both to the sea and field service rather like masquers than soldiers, as men apter to bring spoils for the enemy than to conquer or win honour from him. And yet at the last the wanting of their needful habiliments in times of ex-

tremity doth make them truly to find their own error and superfluous vanity in those idle and fruitless toys ; whereof I could wish a reformation as well for the bettering of our service as also for abating such needless expense. Such were the garish troops and gilded armies of Darius abounding in pomp and delicacy, whose millions of effeminate Persians were ever dispersed and defeated by handfuls of the poor and hardy Macedonians."

More examples follow, reminding his age, and ours, how history repeats itself.

The adventures among the Islands, and at sea, are far too many for quotation, delectable as they are to peruse in Gorges' quiet but masterly account of them. But there is one incident which, as giving us something of his personal character, may not be thought out of place. When nearing home, Essex gave strict orders that the other ships should follow his course, and Gorges stood by the helm most of the night seeing the order was obeyed, as the master of his ship considered it was dangerous. This was the occasion for an amusing passage between Gorges and a Spanish prisoner whom Essex had given him—

"This Spaniard of mine was a gentleman and a soldier, but had of late years traded the West Indies by way of merchandise : with whom I one day talking and discoursing of their voyages and navigations (wherein he was

very well experienced) amongst other things he told me that in their navigation from the Indies, they sought out Spain in a more certain and gallant manner than we did England. For, said he, we seek out our coasts aloft with our eyes, by the Heavens, by the sun and stars, and with the use of art and instruments which seldom or never fail ; but you, said he, that seek for England, when you are to run into narrow seas are (as I hear say) enforced for your surest directions (like men blindfold) to search under water, and to scrape with lead and tallow to the bottom for banks, sands, and shelves, as if you would rake Hell for instructions, to find out the channel which you call the sleeve, and yet for all your soundings are oftentimes mistaken. I answered him again, indeed it was true that our humility taught us to go by the ground whereas their pride led them to gaze about the clouds, and by that means so dazzled their eyes as that they did often stumble upon such men-of-war that now used as well to sound Spanish pockets as the English sleeve. Whereat my Spaniard smiling and shaking his head, said he could not well deny it, having so lately made too true experience thereof."

The earliest record of Gorges in Chelsea is in 1599, when his eldest son, William, was baptized, who was buried the following year. In October of the same year is another entry

in the parish register which is of greater interest—

> 1600. Ambrosia, filia dni Arthuri Gorge obiit 10 die Octob. et sepulta in Collegio Westmonast : 22 ejusdem mensis.

This was his only child by his first wife, and she was barely twelve years old. She, too, has been immortalised by Spenser, in the last stanza of Daphne's pathetic farewell to Alcyon—

> "Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
> Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
> My young Ambrosia; in lieu of mee,
> Love her; so shall our love for ever last.
> Thus, deare! Adieu, whom I expect ere long"—
> So having said, away she softly past;
> Weep, shepheard! weep, to make mine undersong.

Unfortunately there are other reminiscences of Ambrosia which, however we may excuse them by the circumstances that surrounded her, leave a less pleasant impression of Gorges than Spenser has given us. It is difficult to realise nowadays the conduct of such matters as the wardship and marriage of a great heiress, when a child like Ambrosia was deliberately sold to the highest bidder ; but after all, it was not so much her father who was to blame (and he certainly seems to have been very hardly treated) as the Crown. The matter is first broached in a letter to Cecil,

dated 14th April 1600, when he writes: "I must with your pardon use an old sentence of Terence in my just excuse—neque pes neque manus satis suum facit officium. My lingering sickness hath so weakened my limbs as I can hardly do more than scribble mine own name, and walk three turns in my gallery. I should hold myself at great heart's ease if Her Majesty would please to determine of my daughter's cause, being the whole stay and fortune of me and my poor family."

What makes the matter appear more than usually sordid is the fact that Ambrosia's heir, in default of her leaving issue, was her great-uncle, the third Viscount Bindon ("a peevish fool," as Raleigh called him), who was continually harassing Gorges in the disposal of her hand. A letter of Sir Robert Cecil's is a fair example of the way in which such matters were then regarded. "Sir Arthur Gorges' daughter is dead," he writes, "which works in him shrewd effects: but he hath some relief by a composition made between him and the Viscount who must pay him £400 a year during his life, which will keep the staff from the door. Had she lived she might have been Countess of Pembroke, as Philip Herbert had offered the Queen £5000 for her—she having been made a ward of Court, though according to her father he had been offered twice that amount."

Among the Hatfield Papers is a petition from Sir Arthur to the Privy Council which recites this offer of £10,000, and that at the same time he was ordered to "deliver uppe ye bodie of his saide daughter to ye Master of ye Wardes or else to enter into six thousand pound bonds not to contract her but by leave and order of ye saide Courte . . . but in conclusion hee presented her Ma^tie w^th a braclett of great pearles fastned with a locker of Diamond and Rubyes w^ch cost £500 for her favour therein and yet was afterwards fyned to paye more unto her Ma^tie £1000 for ye Wardship of her bodie."

Meantime, however, Sir Arthur had not entirely forsaken the Muses. In 1612 the death of Prince Henry occasioned a poem of two hundred six-line stanzas, entitled "The Olympian Catastrophe"; though from its style I cannot help thinking that it must have been composed—or at all events a good deal of it—in his earlier days. It has never been published, and the manuscript (which is mentioned by Sir Egerton Brydges as being at Trentham) for a long time eluded me. At last when I was availing myself of the late Lord Ellesmere's kindness in allowing me to see some other manuscripts at Bridgewater House, it was happily discovered for me by Mr. Strachan Holme, to whom I happened to mention it.

The poem contains a great deal besides lament for Prince Henry; its argument is outlined in the opening stanza as—

The statlie strife that did of late befall
Betwixt three dames of more than mortall force;
And what calamitie it bredd withall
To us poor Brittons. . . .

But in the second the author reassures us thus—

And yet the helpe I meane not to implore
Of sad Melpomene to tune my verse!
Whearby to make each sorrow seeme the more,
Or humane harts more inlye to impearce. . . .

Accordingly in the next four stanzas the key-note of the whole composition is sounded, namely—

Bellona bould, great Patroness of Arms
Minerva mild, Parnassus' sacred queene;
And Juno Empress of the glisteringe Swarmes
Together met on the Olympian greene,
To eye the martiall feats and manlie games
Of youthful knights for honor and for dames.

But that w^ch^ chieflie drewe them to this place,
Was to behould a princlie paragon:
On whom they three conferred a severall grace.
(Each striving therby him to claime alone.)
For those three guifts were each of heavenlie kinde,
The least whearof might greatest mortall binde.

Bellona said the triple plume belongd
To hir, because it was the badge of mart:
Minerva playnde hir right therin was wrongd,
For that the quills were instruments of art;

Juno aleaged the crowne she did bestowe,
To whom both arts and Armes theire homage owe.

Thus they contest, and from this strife arose
That hope-confounding harme, which we doe rue
Converting our delightfull thoughts to woe:
As shalbe shewed in place where it is due.
Till when letts talke of pastimes whilst we maye,
And to th' Olympian games hast on our way.

The greater part of the poem, in fact, is taken up with the description of these games, and of the tilting, as well as with the bickerings of the Goddesses who each claimed the Prince as her own.

Wheare was to see (on that Herculean plaine)
In troopes disperst choyce of activitie
Some with the sledge their braunye armes distraine
Some cast the barr with lyke agillytie
Some wrestlinge for the palme trusting their myght
Are yet twiste up with nymblenesse and slyght.

Some of these wrestlers from that country came
That's Cornwall height (for Manhodd much renown'd)
Whose Prince of yore S^r^ Tristram had to name
And Lord of Lyoness. A countrye drown'd
That Sillie and the maine lay nist betweene
Whearof records remaine, though no land seene.

Others againe swift-footed as the Roe
Their sinnowes streach to overrunne the rest;
And some of these the dart right well canne throwe,
Whose longe shaggd glibbs and habits stranglie drest
Did shew that they weare kearnes of Irish breed
Manlie of Lymmes and doughtie of their deed.

These few stanzas are enough to show how much their author owed to Spenser for his style, and the last two have a still further interest, inasmuch as the mention of Cornwall and Ireland seems to connect them still more closely with Gorges' earlier days, and, while strengthening the supposition that Spenser may have been in Cornwall with Gorges, indicate a probability of his having taken him over to Ireland with him. These descriptive stanzas and a great deal more of the poem may very well have been written in Spenser's life-time, and they bear such charming traces of his influence that I need not apologise for quoting a fair specimen of them—

Now might wee heare at hand a clamorous noyse
  Of shouts and bagg pips in confused wise
And therewith saw a skoule of dapper boyes
  On horsback mounted with a double prise;
Two golden bells; one for the swiftest race
To-ther for him that wynes the wildgoose chase.

Their slyght-lymed Palfryes Gennets were of Spayne
  Or of the breede that Barbary doth yeld
Fitter in full caryer to run amayne
  Than to sustaine the shock of speare and shielde.
So forth they pricke and swich to gett the starte
Like eger Grayhounds, that pursue the harte.

Not farr from this uppon a level strand,
  Alongst the banckes wheare sweet Alphæus glides,
A beaten way was trodden in the sand,
  Whereas againe an other troope there rides
In quaint attires wth painted launces light,
Fitt for dissport, but not for martial fight.

These seemd to bee fresh youthes of Flora's traine.
For w^th^ them they a gold bright garland bare
Contrived in flowers of pure enamel staine
So fyne, that art w^th^ nature did compare:
This as a prize to honour him they bringe
That fayrest dooth and oftest take the ringe.

For at the end of this smooth leveld liste,
Thear stood a post, with lively coollours painted;
Wherat did hange a ringe (that many myst)
Of silver plate, yet often tymes was taynted:
And when they runne they guide their launces head,
As yf a ladyes hand hir neeld should thread.

To this faire troope thear did him selfe addresse
(With gallant cheere) a lovely springhald knight,
A Prince they said he was, and seemd no less
By his brave trayne, his Turkey horse milk-white
He voltes, whose furniture besett with stone
Reflected rayes as Phebus on it shone.

His owne attire was of carnation hue,
With Orient pearles embrodred like a frett;
About his necke of silke a ribbon blewe
Whear hangs a Brorge with diamonds besett:
His spurr gold-hatcht, his buskynes Spanish-white
His best legg gartred, as St. Georges knight.

And yet all this his byrth no whitt beurayes.
But that w^t^ on his browne-curld locks he wore
Of Roses redd and white two ureathed sprayes
(Types of the crowne-competitors of yore),
And both of these he had together twynde
Because in hym both titles were combynde.

This made him knowne Great Britaines Prince to bee
A right Plantagenet of Royal race:
And by each one saluted so was hee
Who greatlie ioyed to see him in that place.

Then they him prayed in this to lead the Daunce
At whose request hee fairely tooke his launce.

Thrice did he runne (for so with courses three
Each knight ystynted was his turne to have)
And thrise together on steel poynted tree
He takes the ringe with grace and caryage brave:
But when that he had runne his latest bout
The hatts flewe in the aire with joyous shout.

In this arraye the rest by turnes did runne:
Some myst, some taynt, and some the rings did take:
But none performed at all as he had doone
Therefore (as due) they all consent to make
Him offer of their glorious garlands prize
Which was presented thus in statlie wise.

Betwixt two gallant Ladyes he was ledd
Unto a goodlie Arbor standinge nye:
The Herraulds (as they wont) his titles read
The Trumpets sound as they would teare the skye.
Then in a chayre of state they did him sett
Whilst divers other dames the garland sett.

Which on a tyssd cushen was ybore
By one of them coverd with tynssell vayle;
Two other Ladies usherd it before
And said to him, great Prince all health, all haile.
This garland wee about your arme must place,
Which he receaves with lovely courteous grace.

This done into a larger Roome they passe,
Wheare was to see a sumptious banquett dyght;
Sweete mellodie of sundry kindes there was,
And by each dame was plast a gallant knight.
So past the tyme till nyght cald all away,
To fitt them selves for the next Martiall day.

The first note of tragedy is gently sounded

in the Prince's simple recital of a dream that visited him—

This night (quoth hee) me seemed in my dreame
A grave old sire before me stood upright
And by the hand did lead me to the streame
(That Poets faigne so blacke) and Stixe it hyght
Where Charon in his barge us safe did guyde
Unto the bancke uppon the other side.

There tooke wee land in the Elizian fieldes
Whose pleasure, beutie, and delightfull aire
Was more than Nature's force or vertue yealds
So sweet, so fruytfull, and so floweringe faire.
Amidst whose pleasant groves there rominge plaies
Those heros so renowned in other dayes.

But all I saw my tongue cannot reporte;
The sweet-mellodious birds in flockes that singe,
The murmuringe brookes ytun'd to theyr consorte
The bloominge greeneleave trees that alwayes springe
The sunshine dayes never cutt of by nighte
The blessed soules that live still in delighte.

Ravish't with sweet contentment of this place
Now (quoth my guide) thinke you your labour lost?
Ah no, quoth I, it is the highest grace,
That ever I receaved, and likes me moste.
Why then (quoth hee) with speede prepare thy mynd
For to this place the heavens have thee designed.

Of the "statlie strife" between the goddesses, the two following stanzas, with which Minerva concludes her reply to Juno, are too irresistibly charming to be passed over :—

And as for you, although you did cutt off
My first discourse, with your emperious chatt
And wag'd your head with such a skornfull scoffe
That all the place did shake whearas you satt

Yet know you Juno (though you be my Queene)
That (had not this my disciplininge been)

He might have stuffed up a chayre of state
  And on his head have worne a diadem
He might have jetted with affected gate
  And with a scepter over-aw'd a Realme:
And so a Princes onlie out-sid be
But for the in-sid he must have from me.

Five sonnets and a couple of smaller pieces accompany the poem, of which that "To his entombed bodye" is quite worthy of a place in any anthology. For the benefit of the casual reader I give this with the modern spelling (1906)—

Some for thy sake proud monuments will frame
  Of marble pillars, porphyry, jet and gold
Engraving deep thy titles and thy name
  Worthy because thy worthy limbs they hold
Others again whose love surmounts their skill
  And now to grace their arts thy bounties lack,
In praise of thee have clothed with their quill
  The papers white in lines of mournful black.
But these and all that mortals can invent
  Sorts not with that which is thy virtue's due;
Whose glory scales the star-bright firmament,
  Whose dear remembrance doth such plaints renew
In these our days (the trumpets of thy fame)
That future times shall echo to the same.

Apart from the difference made by the spelling, this sonnet has a much later ring about it than the stanzas quoted from the poem, and it seems pretty certain that Gorges must have perused "Shakespeare's Sonnets,"

which were published in 1609. Essex he had probably known, through Spenser and Raleigh, before he served under him on the Islands Voyage, and though it was to Cecil that he was continually writing for help and advancement, he was also acquainted with Bacon, whose *Veterum Sapientia* he translated into English, and the Essays into French, in 1619. The former translation is prefaced by these lines—

TO THE BOOK

Rich mine of art, minion of Mercury,
True Truch-man of the mind of mystery.
Invention's storehouse, nymph of Helicon,
Deep moralist of Time Tradition.
Unto this paragon of Brutus race
Present thy service, and with cheerful grace.
Say (if Pythagoras believed may be)
The soul of ancient wisdom lives in thee.

The latter was published in London, by John Bill, in 16mo under the title "Essais moraux de tres-honorable Seigneur François Bacon Chevalier Baron de Verulam & Grand Chancelier d'Angleterre. Traduits en François par le Sieur Arthur Gorges Chevalier Anglois."

A translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* into English heroical verse is the only considerable poem which he published, and this is but little known, as it was practically superseded by May's.



BRASS OF SIR ARTHUR GORGES AND FAMILY IN CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

A curious feature about this volume (a small folio) is its dedication, which purports to have been written by his son, Carew, who at that date, 1614, was but twelve years old. Perhaps the influence of Bacon is here, too, discernible ?

"To the Right Noble and Vertuous Lady Lucy Countess of Bedford my most honoured Lady and Mistresse.

"MADAME,—The least good documents which we learne in our youth may in some part of our life serve us to use. I remember this sentence in my Pueriles—Voluntas ubi desunt vires est laudanda : Where power is wanting the good will is to be accepted. Which I presume will be my warrant in presenting your Ladyship with this poeme, which by chance I did see in my father's study amongst many other Manuscripts. And because it lay idly there, I desired him to give it me, who then asking what I would do with it, I told him that I would present it to my Lady and Mistresse. Which humour of mine he seemed very well to like ; but he answered that it was not faire enough written for her reading. Whereunto I replied that if I might have it I would amend that fault, and get it printed by the helpe of my Schoole Maister and in that sort offer it. Whereto my

father said that he liked so well of my devotion to so noble a Mistresse, as that he would freely give mee. The which now (as mine owne) I do humbly recommend to your honourable acceptance, as some testimony of my devoted zeale, untill yeares, and ability shall second my indeavours with parts more answerable to my desire. And in the meane season I will persuade my selfe that this poore present is the more aptly offered, knowing that the reading of Heroicall actions do as properly belong to noble and vertuous Ladies as the acting of them to worthy and vertuous knights. Besides that, your Ladyship is an honourable lover and Patronesse of learning and the Muses, an instinct naturally ingrafted in your excellent spirit by that worthy blood of the Sydneyes wherewith you do so nearly participate and whose perfection did so eminently shine in that hopefull young Lord your late brother, one of the mirrours of our Age. Now if this may but receive your honourable applause, as some pledge of my devotion, I will never think that I need to be ashamed to flutter with my father's feathers. And so am ever ready to approve myself your Ladyship's most humble and faithfull servant,

"Carew Gorges."

The sonnet written by his cousin and life-long friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to the book, seems to sum up his character and his fortunes. Though he lacked the abilities of Raleigh or Essex, of Spenser or Bacon, he seems to have derived enough from their companionship to make him a notable figure in the background of the great picture of those days; and in ending his life peacefully at Chelsea he fared better. Raleigh's sonnet might serve for an epitaph for him—

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time
  He had been too unworthy of thy pen
Who never sought nor ever cared to climb
  By flattery, or seeking worthless men.
For this thou hast been bruised; but yet those scars
  Do beautify no less than those wounds do
Received in just and in religious wars
  Though thou hast bled by both, and bear'st them too.
Change not: to change thy fortune 'tis too late.
  Who with a manly faith resolves to die
May promise to himself a lasting state
  Though not so great, yet free from infamy.
Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate
Nature, thy Muse (like Lucan's), did create.

W. R.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER four years' residence in the Great House Gorges sold it—as we shall see in the next chapter—and took up his quarters in a smaller one which he had built adjoining it on the south-west, where he spent the rest of his days. He died in October 1625, and was buried in the chapel built by Sir Thomas More on the south side of the chancel of the old church, where he is commemorated by the brass plate here reproduced.

It appears from subsequent conveyances of this smaller house that the right of burial in the More Chapel was appurtenant to More's Estate, and Gorges reserved it when selling the Great House. Two generations of his descendants were buried there, and the right has been exercised in comparatively recent times by his successors in title.

As Gorges House (as it has generally been called) was so closely connected with our subject, a few particulars—some of them not generally known—as to its subsequent history will not, I hope, be considered out of place.

Of Gorges' successor, who was also Sir

Arthur, there is nothing particular recorded. His son, a third Arthur, is mentioned by Bowack, in his *Antiquities of Middlesex*, published in 1705, as "a worthy gentleman who was very conversant with the late (*i.e.* the second) Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, and the celebrated wits of that time." As he died and was buried at Chelsea in 1668, when the Great House was in the possession if not in the occupation of Buckingham, Bowack may have had some ground for his statement, and the fact that by his marriage with the widow of Lord Grandison he was the stepfather of Barbara Villiers further supports it; though I have not found any other traces of his name in connection with the Restoration wits. Perhaps the verses on his tomb may be attributed to one (or more) of them—

"Here sleepes and feeles noe pressure of ye stone
he, that had all the Gorges Soules in One
Here the ingenious valiant Arthur lies
To be bewail'd by Marble and Our eyes
By most belov'd, but Love cannot retrive
dead friends, Has pow'r to Kill not make alive.
Let him rest free from envy, as from paine,
when all the Gorges rise heel rise againe
This last retireing rome his owne doth call
who after death has that, and Heav'n has all.
Live Arthur by the spirit of thy fame
Chelsey it self must dy before thy Name."

In 1658 the second Sir Arthur had sold or

mortgaged the house to Thomas Pritchard and Richard Spoure, for £800, and on the 18th July 1664 his son confirmed and released the property to the same persons for £200, reserving to himself and his heirs the right of burial in the family vault. In February of this year (1663–4) a letter among the Ormonde Papers informs us who were its next occupants. This letter is written by Arthur Annesley, first Earl of Anglesey, to James, first Duke of Ormonde, and it is a link in the history of the house that has hitherto been missing. "According to the command of your Grace," it runs, "I have employed others and been at Chelsey myself to find a convenient house for my Lady, and have pitched upon that which was Sir Arthur Gorges'; if I can prevail with the owner to let it for the summer time only, which he hath taken time to consider; it will fit my Lady Duchess, but Her Grace must furnish it. I intend to take it if I can from Lady Day to Michaelmas, or if Her Grace would have it longer I desire to know her pleasure with speed, because now Country air will be sought after, or if my Lady will have lodgings only furnished."

This was Elizabeth, first Duchess of Ormonde, not to be confused with her granddaughter-in-law, Mary, second Duchess, who was a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort,

and who returned to Chelsea in 1716 in the house at the eastern end of Paradise Row, that was long afterwards called Ormonde House, a name still perpetuated in the modern Ormonde Gate.

On 14th May following, James Buck, who was living in Chelsea in a house somewhere near Flood Street (then Pound Lane), and whose monument is in the Old Church, writes to Sir George Lane: "I must rejoice at my Lady Lane's recovery, and for ever love the limping Doctor for that and for the good effect he hath wrought upon Her Grace who is expected here on Thursday next, when I and my wife are preparing for her reception," and on the 17th May, Anglesey writes to the Duke: "My Lady Duchess will be on Thursday at her house at Chelsey." On the 4th June she purchased 13½ lb. of salmon, at 16d. per lb., from the Chelsea Fishery.

One of the charms of compiling local histories is the clearing up of mysteries: and this purchase of fish in 1664 by the family of Ormonde, who were not known to have had any connection with Chelsea until at least fifty years later, had long puzzled me. These letters, however (which I am sorry to say escaped my notice until quite recently), explain everything, and fill up a large gap in the history of Gorges House. More than that, they afford a very good excuse for a

short excursion into the subject of the Chelsea Fishery, about which Faulkner was fortunate enough to find out a great deal from documents belonging to Lord Cadogan that are not now available.

About the time we are speaking of, Sir Walter St. John, of Battersea, resigned all his rights to the "rooms" of the Salmon Fishery in the Thames between Upper Lindsey Place above the Feathers to the Creek called York Place Creek, to the Chelsea Fishermen "with free liberty to cast and draw up their nets upon part of the waste adjoining, and also to the departure and liberty to feed one horse upon the waste for drawing up of their fishing boats," and a bond was drawn up between Charles Cheyne, Joseph Alston, and others, who paid the sum of £84 "for the half of four salmon nets which were to be employed yearly in the several fishing rooms of Chelsea and Lambeth during the season." On Monday the 30th May 1664 the Chelsea Fishermen began to fish, and took from Monday to Saturday nine salmon weighing 172½ lb., and sold them as follows :—

To the Duchess of Ormonde, 13½ lb. at 16d. per lb.	£0	19	6
To Lord Cheyne, 18 lb. at 18d. .	1	4	0
To Mr. Alston, 18 lb. at 18d. . .	1	4	0
To several Fishmongers, 122 lb. at 14d.	7	1	0
	£10	8	6

This was a good beginning, but, alas, this "pleasant conceit of fish and fishing" fell into difficulty and distress, and a few years later a Petition was drawn up, that discloses the deepest grievances. "In former years," it is said, "this river did abound with salmon, gudgeon, Pike, carp, pearch, chubs, barbel, roach, dace, smelts, eels, and flounders, to the accommodating of the rich and relieving of the poor, by reason of their great plenty. We shall only instance two or three particulars,—in former years salmon have been sold to the fishmongers as they run at 50s. or £3 the score; as also, at 3d. the lb., or under; smelts at 4d., 5d., 6d., 7d. the hundred; flounders at 10d., five inches and a half; and 12d. the hundred; market flounders at 20d. and 2s. the hundred. But of late the above fish have been sold for at least four times the above prices; the markets thereby are generally unfurnished, and the fishermen greatly damnified and impoverished."

It sounds a little odd, a complaint about high prices coming from the producers of a commodity, and that protection should be prayed for for precisely the opposite reason to that for which it is now demanded. But fishermen have been known as grumblers as far back as once upon a time, when a certain one of them having been granted all he asked, further required the sun to wait for him to

sleep a little longer. In fact, however, it was protection of the fish that was asked for, though this complaint seems to be an instance of what might happen to more industries than that of fishing if "protection" in the modern sense were adopted. It appears that all sorts of illegal nets with absurd names were used—herdnets, rugnets, trinkers, stowbates, floaters, and hebbers—and the fish were unmercifully poached, without regard to size or season: "they will tie three of these nets together which will then extend to a hundred yards in the Thames, at least, and set a little boy upon the shore, having one end of the net and the men with other end in their boats; thereby driving the fish together, and then bring both ends together upon the shore and land, so that no fish except the young fry can escape. This has been one of the most fatal ways in bringing the river into this low condition. It is frequently practised in the night, but especially on Saturday and Sunday nights, for then they are at least suspected."

The young fry were also taken, and left to perish, and be eaten by "thousands of sea-fowls." "Much more might be added," it concludes, "as a further manifestation touching this neglect, but lest we should seem tedious to this Honourable House, we shall forbear, unless further required: only permit us to mention this, that if the like fatal destruc-

tion should be made upon the beasts of the field, when they are ready to be delivered, and upon the young ones when brought forth, this nation would feel the dismal effect thereof in a few years."

Whether or not this particular petition had any immediate effect, it is a fact that nearly all the species above mentioned were still being caught when Faulkner wrote in 1829, and he also states that "sturgeons are sometimes caught here; they are considered as royal fish, and are claimed by the Lord Mayor, who usually sends them to the King." The angler's boat, he says, should be fixed almost opposite the church, so as to angle in six or seven feet of water. When the air is cold, the wind high, and consequently the water rough, it is useless to angle in the Thames. The proper hours are from the time the tide has half ebbed until within two hours of high water, supposing no land floods to come down. The boat should always be pitched under the wind. The season for blenneting for roach and dace begins on the 1st July. Their scales are sold to the Jews for making false pearls, and are worth from 12s. to a guinea per quart. Salmon-fishing begins on the 25th March above London Bridge, and ends on the 4th September. The dragging for shads begins on the 10th of May and continues to the end of June. These and

many other particulars Faulkner relates with an air of having enjoyed a good deal of the sport himself. Fish are seldom seen in Chelsea waters in these times—possibly on account of its opacity—but I remember a porpoise visiting the reach, and being most inhospitably shot, and exhibited at the Magpie and Stump.

How long the Duchess of Ormonde continued at Gorges House I do not know, but by 1676 it had been consecrated to the uses of a young ladies' school, whose reputation (or must I say the reputation of which) has added considerably to the lustre of Chelsea's History. For it was here that Purcell's *Dido and Æneas* was first given, sometime between 1680 and 1690. This has been called the first English opera, but we are indebted to Mr. W. Barclay Squire for the discovery of a still earlier piece given at this school, the libretto of which was printed in 1676. It is described on the title page as "Beauty's Triumph a masque presented by the Scholars of Mr. Jeffery Banister and Mr. James Hart at their new Boarding School for young Ladies and Gentlewomen kept in that house which was formerly Sir Arthur Gorges at Chelsey."

It was written by T. Duffett, who protects himself with the motto—

. . . tutus et intra
Spem veniae cautus. . . .

No information is given as to the music, but that there was plenty of it is evident enough. The first six pages, for instance, are all song and chorus, and on the seventh is the direction, "All this scene spoken," and so on throughout the play. It is full of tripping ditties that must have given plenty of scope for the charms no less than the abilities of the fair performers, such as this one for a chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses, "the Rechorders and Flajolets playing"—

Let's love and let's laugh, let's dance and let's sing
While shrill echoes ring,
Our wishes agree, and from cares we are free,
Then who are so happy, so happy as we!
We press the soft grass, each swain and his lass,
Or follow the chase;
When weary we be, we sleep under a tree,
And who are so happy, so happy as we!

(The three Furies rise up in the middle of them and fright them off.)

In the epilogue—"spoken by a young lady"—we see such a charming picture of what a young ladies' school was supposed to be in those days that I have not the heart to curtail it by more than a few lines—

EPILOGUE.—Spoken by a young lady.

Like cloistered nuns, with virtuous zeal inspir'd
From public noise and vicious ease retir'd
Here we have all that's by the good admir'd

While thus the loosest of our time is spent
'Tis advantageous, sweet and innocent.
And when our thoughts to serious things are bent,
One in rich works with lively colours tells
Lucretia's Rape, or mourning Philomel's:
Each chaste beholder sighs, and drops a tear;
To burn the well-wrought silk they scarce forbear
So sad and moving does the work appear:
Oh, that the Ravisher were here! one cries,
Thus would I rend the bloudy Tyrant's eyes;
Then for his crime some harmless flower dies.
. . . . . .
Another's diff'rent mind more pleasure takes
In various forms to mould the painted wax;
Such shape, such beauty in each piece is shown,
Nature sits pale, or blushing on her own,
To see her pride by curious art outdone.
While buzzing Infamy with venom'd wing
Haunts clam'rous pleasures that in cities ring,
Thus we enjoy the sweets without the sting,
When riper age with flatt'ring cares oppress'd
Toil'd with false joys, 'twill sadly be confess'd
Of all our lives these happy hours were best.

It was perhaps the success of this school that led to the establishment of so many others in Chelsea, that Bowack notes in 1705. In 1680 this one had already changed hands twice, as appears from an advertisement in the *London Gazette* for the 25th November—

"Josias Priest, Dancing Master, who kept a Boarding School of Gentlewomen in Leicester-fields, is removed to the great School-House at Chelsey, that was Mr. Portman's. There will continue the same Masters, and others, to the improvement of the said school."

For the *Dido and Æneas*, which was given under Priest's auspices, the libretto was written by Nahum Tate (Co-versifier with Brady of the Psalms) and an epilogue, "Spoken by Lady Dorothy Burk," by Tom D'Urfey, who was also the author of a comedy entitled *Love for Money or the Boarding School*, in 1691. This was in all probability connected with Priest's school, as the scene is laid at "Chelsey by the River."

For some reason or another this play was "offensively taken" by the school people, as in the preface he is at some pains to defend himself from the charge of having "lived at a Boarding School all last summer, and in return of their hospitable civility writ this play ungratefully to spite 'em." Judged by some of his exceedingly sprightly poems, D'Urfey can hardly be regarded as a particularly eligible inmate for a fashionable young ladies' school; though he assures us he was "never obliged for more than common courtesies, *en passant*, to any of 'em . . . and as to the painted scene which some cavil at, it might have been York as well as Chelsey, if the beauty of the place had not given me occasion to fix there."

In the Verney Papers, Priest's School is several times mentioned. Molly Verney was sent there when she was but eight years old, and learnt to japan boxes, and also to dance.

Her aunt, Mrs. John Verney (who was married from Little Chelsey when herse fifteen), mentions going to a grand ball there when Molly and her cousin, Betty Denton, distinguished themselves as dancers.

Josias Priest was still rated for Gorges House in 1709, but in 1715–16 the name of Dr. Richard Mead appears in the Rate Books, and Priest had no doubt retired.

Some years before this (in 1697, as far as can be gathered) the freehold interest in the house, which still carried with it the right of burial in the vault in the More Chapel, had been acquired by William Milman, by whose descendants the house was demolished, and Milman's Street and other streets built on the site in 1726. Le Neve's *Pedigrees of the Knights* contains these notes about Milman, which may be taken for what they are worth, though the destruction of so interesting a house perhaps inclines one to give them more value than they deserve—

"William Millman Esq of the Inner Temple, barrister at law and of Ormond Street by red lyon square Knighted at St James 22nd of February 1705 being introduced by the Duke of Devon. No gentleman : this account I had from Mynheer of Staple Inn Attorney who was his old acquaintance and fellow clerk with him. Milman of married Milman a shoemaker

over against the new exchange in the Strand where he failed and after kept a coffee house (he married and had issue). 1. Sr William Milman Attorney at lawe was of Staple Inn as I was told and having got a little money entered into the trade of Stock jobbing and lived to increase his estate to £20000 : died 3rd day of February 1713–14 aged 64 buried at Chelsea 7th Febr : a worthless p'son by the general character of him. Canis pessimi ne catulum esse relinquendum. 2. John Milman of lived a poor man, to whom his brother would not exhibit."

Besides the monument to Sir William in the More Chapel is another to various relations of Sir Francis Milman, the Physician, who was buried in the family vault in 1821. The Chapel had shortly before this been sold by the Milman family to a person named Flight, and my father, the late incumbent of the Old Church, bought it in 1872, with the help of some patriotic Chelsea contributors, and handed it over to the Church Trustees.

CHAPTER V

IN 1619, as we have seen, Gorges sold the Great House to Lionel Cranfield, who was shortly afterwards created Earl of Middlesex. He had been lately appointed Lord Treasurer, in recognition of his services in the King's household as Comptroller, Master of the Wardrobe, and similar offices in which he displayed his admirable talent for economy. He was in the highest favour with James, and in 1621 (27th December) the baptizing of his heir was an occasion of such importance as to be mentioned by Chamberlain in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton as the only news of the week; which, he writes, "afforded little more than the great christening of the Lord Treasurer's son at Chelsey, where the King, the Lord Marquis (Buckingham), and Duchess of Lennox were gossips, and the King gave the child £1000 in hand, as the report goes."

The mention of the Lord Marquis is of peculiar significance in the light of subsequent events; for within less than five years Buckingham succeeded in ruining Cranfield,

and securing the Chelsea house for himself. Indeed, there is some ground for suspecting that had the house been offered to him at the outset, no more would have been heard of the delinquencies imputed to the unfortunate Treasurer. For of several theories advanced as to the reason for his impeachment (no one, of course, supposing that peculation was the real one) none is quite adequate to explain the extraordinary virulence of Buckingham's attack ; and the methods by which Buckingham had succeeded in obtaining York House from Bacon after his disgrace, a couple of years earlier, give additional colour to several passages relating to Chelsey House in the correspondence which I shall mention presently.

But for whatever reason, Cranfield's destruction was resolved on. James stood up for him as long as he could, even telling the Lords that he came to "sing a psalm of mercy and justice about him"; nor was he backward in defending him from accusations which he knew to be unjust. "Trusty and well beloved," he wrote the Lords—the letter is at Knole—"We are informed by our right trusty and right well beloved Cosin and Councillor the Earl of Middlesex our High Treasurer of England that amongst other complaints preferred against him in the Parliament there hath been some intimation given to our

House of Commons as if he should have heretofore done ill offices betwixt us and the people and persuaded us to the dissolution of the last convention of Parliament, which above all other charges that can be laid against him seems most to afflict him.

"We have thought it our part therefore to let you know and by you to signify to our whole House of Commons that for those things which fall within our own knowledge we owe that right to innocency as to clear it from ungrounded suspicion. And in this particular on our Treasurer's behalf to let you truly understand that he was so far from giving any advice in dissolving the said Parliament as wee do well remember he was upon his knees before us humbly desiring us to continue it. And moreover that he hath often said unto us that he was the worst of traitors that went about to keep us and our people at distance or to do ill offices in that kind, which testimony we cannot with justice deny him, and should be sorry that any such undeserved imputation should gain credit amongst you.

"Given at our Court at Theobalds the 15th day of April 1624."

But all that James could do proved unavailing against the determination of Buckingham and Prince Charles, and when the House of Commons allowed Cranfield to produce forty

witnesses, and twelve of them deposed directly against him, he was ordered not to appear in the royal presence again till he had cleared himself. Still the trial went on and the accused, in spite of ill-health, was examined both morning and afternoon. Prince Charles thought his plea of illness was a trick to gain time, so the Earl of Southampton and others, with a Doctor of Physic, were sent to see him at Chelsea, and his plea was disallowed.

Among the State Papers is a statement (dated 11th May 1624) by Southampton, and five other lords and bishops who had been sent with a message to Cranfield, that besides his answer as returned, his lordship said that for a man to be thus followed morning and afternoon, standing eight hours at the bar till some of the lords might see him ready to fall down, two lawyers against him and no man on his part, "was an unheard-of and unchristian proceeding, and that he begged they would deal with him as he would with one of them, for it was his turn to-day, and might be theirs to-morrow." But though he "reasoned saucily" in his defence for five hours, he was at last found guilty and sentenced to pay £50,000 fine, to lose his office, and not come again within the verge of the Court.

On the 5th June, Chamberlain mentions that he "had been liberated from the Tower by paying £6000 bribes, and is at his house

at Chelsea. He gave great turns to keep off this storm. He would have been further degraded, but that he had great, if not *gratis*, friends in the bed-chamber. He may live to crush his enemies, if his brother-in-law Brett should get into favour and marry the Duchess of Richmond, who would do anything to be prime courtier again."

Cranfield clung to the Chelsea house as long as he could, but Buckingham was now more powerful than ever, and was determined to get it from him. Lord Cromwell wrote to Cranfield (17th August 1624) more than insinuating that the pardon and protection of Buckingham must be purchased, and openly suggesting that Chelsea House as a bribe might be agreeable. This and the following letters which are at Knole confirm the suspicion that Cranfield owed his downfall rather to the personal animosity of Buckingham and Charles than to any public fault of his own.

"My noble Lord,—My long silence may cause a belief in you that either I have forgot you or else I neglect you: but I answer your Lordship I do neither: for my Lord Duke was not at Court but at Wellingboro' when I came to the King, and that night I came to Derby the business of France caused my Lord to repair thither,

so I invited his lordship to supper and there did confer with his lordship concerning your particular, not as if I had been authorised by you but to satisfy myself, who desired to be a friend to none that he was an enemy to.

"The substance of what I said to his lordship was this. I perceived that his lordship was much displeased with you, and seeing he was a lord I honoured above all men I desired him to tell me whether he would not think ill of me if I continued a friend to you. He protested to me that he would not think ill of any man that was a friend to you.

"Then I desired him to tell me what was the worst that ever you did to him: he said that discourse was foul and would require more time to tell it than he had to spare. Then I told his lordship: 'My lord, you may conceive of my lord of Middlesex as you please, but if he was not a true servant to you all the while you were in Spain and ever since, he was false to his own soul, for he hath vowed it and sworn it to me: nay, my lord, those that severed you and my lord of Middlesex strove to sever you and the King, and meant as well to break your neck as they have done my lord of Middlesex: for they that made the division between you two,

hoped to make you two fly out in bitter terms, one on the other, and so to have received comfort by both your falls : and I do verily believe that if you would but speak with my lord of Middlesex he would make it appear to you : and other things that you should see you were abused and subject to a great deal of ill-fortune if you took not better heed.'

" My Lord answered : ' Let my Lord send you a letter to give me : let him open himself freely to me. Let him make these things you speak of appear to me in some sort ; and then I will let you bring him to me and I will give him meeting in some convenient place.'

" Thus far I have proceeded and ventured for your sake, and do send these lines to commend my service to you, and to assure you, if you speed ill, it is your own fault. Therefore now send me a letter with fresh instructions ; and in it a letter from you to my Lord Duke which I will give him. Take notice of what I say : in your letter to his Grace, and my Lord, open your heart to him. Discover that which may let him see there was plotting as well to break his neck as your own ; and what you have said at several times to me, speak freely to him, give him some ground to believe you love him, and that those that severed you two

would have ruined him, and I will undertake to bring you two together. If you love yourself, speak freely and speedily. I will be true to you, and your trust I will never abuse.

"In your letter to me, tell me what I shall say, as also if you be made friends with my lord what I shall offer him as of myself —not from you—but I will say, how do you like Chelsey house: or if my lord of Middlesex present you with a token of his love would you not rather have Chelsey grate (?) than any other place near the town. Let me offer something to him that may be worth his acceptance, and be a measure to abate that fine, and you shall see you will reap more comfort in one hour's friendship with him than ever you took in anything you are this day master of.

"Thus desiring [etc. etc.],

"THOS. CROMWELL.

"*17th August*, TUDBURY."

A postscript follows, to same effect, but not mentioning Chelsea.

Another long letter, dated Woodstock, 26th August, recommends him not to offer anything—but rather to discover the plots of Buckingham's enemies, who had made mischief in the hope of bringing about Buckingham's fall as well as Cranfield's.

In the following January, Cranfield was employing both his wife and his secretary, Nicholas Herman, to see what could be done to appease the great Buckingham.

On the 6th January Herman writes—

"My lady was yesterday morning with her aunt and the Duchess of Buck: who gave her the same answer they did before, and no other. She spake likewise with the Duke himself a good while, but in fine his answer was he had done what he could do and suddenly runs away from her towards the King's lodgings. My lady finds so small fruit or hope of her complaints and tears and attendance there that she desires your lordship's further direction what to do which she will punctually observe. . . ."

"May it please your lordship," he writes again on the 12th, "I sent not this messenger to you the last night because I had nothing to write, for yesterday was a Masquing Day and no business done in Court, for neither the Lord Treasurer nor Mr. Chancellor were here all day. All I could do that day was to get your letter to the King to be delivered wch I gatt my lord of Holderness to come to the Court of purpose to do. And he returned into London as soon as he had done; he waited

two hours until he could possibly deliver it and at length he was forced to take advantage of the Prince and the Duke turning about and so privately put it into the King's hands who as privately conveyed it into his pocket and swore to him he would read it as soon as they were gone. . . ."

On the 27th of March the old King died, and Prince Charles came to the throne. In April another attempt on Cranfield's behalf was made by Dr. John More.

"My Lord,"—he writes on the 27th,—"At my return from your honour I went directly to Whitehall where I found my lady [the Duchess] in bed and my lord [Buckingham] newly got out of it, but so busied with overseeing his letters wch Lader had drawn for him to the King and Queen of France to accompany the dogs, horses, and coaches which he sent them that he spent all his time till he went to the King in them. I had full leisure with my lady, who is still desirous of the house [Chelsea], and by her discourse I perceave they have canvassed the business much amongst them. She is (as she saith) much more earnest with my lord for it, because my lady her mother-in-law is so far in love with the house. In fine, she called my lord

to her and told him what we had discoursed. He is as it yet seems resolute to have it only for his money and not to meddle in your business, saying he is not able to prevail with the King for you. Then I wished he would undertake the fine to the King and take the house and sixteen years yet of the patent of Sugars to come ; nay, said she, so my lord shall be a loser, for the house cost my lord of Middlesex but £3000 or thereabout, and the patent of Sugars determines with the death of King James. For the house, I replied, I had heard you often say that it stood you in £12,000. That could not be, they both replied, for you had made offer of it to their mother at £20,000 (*sic*), and they thought you would not offer it for less than it cost you. My further speech was that though the house were worth nothing yet the patent of Sugars was more worth than your fine, and for my lord it were an easy matter to persuade the King to remit him his fine in regard of his patent of Sugars and to reassume it into his own hands and so my lord might have the house free and clearly for nothing, and ever oblige you. I assured them on my knowledge that you were upon sale of lands to pay your fine and therefore my lord should do well to do what he would do presently. In sum, my lord would give you money

for it, and nothing near your price. I wished them to consider I would return again at night which I did, but got not any answer to the purpose. This morning I do return again to make a bolt or shaft. I fear he is implaceable.

"And thus rest ever at your lordship's service. JOHN M.

"*27th April* 1625."

And again on the next day—

"MY LORD,—I have been this morning, but my lord was gone, yet I conceive some hope tho' we are yet somewhat far of: my lady this morning wishes your lordship would not only pay your fine but also give your house freely to the King, which I thought far too much, and to no end. She replied, by that means you shall not only have a pardon for all former factes but also be suffered to enjoy your Sugars. I say that the King at his now beginning shall be worthily praised for his clemency which will more adorne his Crown than any other virtue: Therefore, I hope my lord will so prevail on him that he will be pleased to take the Sugars into his own hands and freely pardon you. And then my lord shall presently have Chelsey House, gardens, and the walled lands delivered to him with-

in one week if he will be pleased to do this favour for a lord in distress and his lady and children.

"She commands me to wait again in the evening. Write if I shall offer her 2000*l* to effect this or what further may be offered and I shall always rest, etc.,

"JOHN MORE."

Upon receipt of these, Cranfield appears to have lost no time in setting Herman to work again, and we find the "Abstracts of 2 letters to me (N. Herman) from my lord, the Earl of Middlesex." One is dated 29th April, the other 1st May. The latter is the more interesting—

"Contained direction to go to the Duke and tell him plainly of the composition for the fine, my lady's jewels, cloth of gold, the pawning of his plate, bed and jewels great extremity in so sudden removing entering of friends and servants with bonds and with unheard of oppression his name and power was used, the hourly threatening of extent, all which I might properly have performed in my answer if I had not been commanded to the contrary by the said Earl of Middlesex : and besides this the using of the king's name that the Earl should never have his peace or liberty without parting with his

house and yielding to those conditions for the present but upon doing those he should have his quietus est absolute pardon and be made as a new born child and that the £5000 should be repaid and the value of it done for his children.

"This of the £5000; the Countess of Buck: on Friday last told the Lady Middlesex: and the Lady Perkins she would justify wheresoever, that it was wrested from the Earl of Middlesex for a present necessity for the Duke and that the rest of the agreement was fit to be performed. To tell the Duke that I fear I shall be examined upon oath, and therefore advised His Grace to settle some course in it before hand.

"To press either performance or restitution of what was above £20,000.

"That the Earl of Middlesex desires not to do him nor his mother any hurt nor to give them any cause of offence, but would be glad if some good may come of it in any fair way, and wisheth confusion to those that enformed the committee of it for his pte. He feareth this will put him out of the quiet way he was in into the sea of the world again. He desires not to hurt the Duke, yet to preserve his own honour, and to get restitution of that which hath been so mightily wrested from him. Yet he

rather enclines to expect any stay for restitution from the Duke than to prejudice him now in the time of his troubles. That the Duke hath been heretofore kind to him in excess, but of late cruel and unjust, and the Countess ever his enemy.

"Naboth's vineyard was justly gotten, in respect of (*i.e.* compared with) Cheltsey, the manner and circumstances considered. He leaves his cause to God who made and governed all things, though troubling out of foolish pride especially in the heighth of prosperity either think not of it or believe it not."

A letter from White, the Dean of Carlisle, undated, but after Buckingham was actually in possession of the house, may be added by way of conclusion—

"My honourable good Lord,—I was with my Lord Duke upon Thursday night at Chelsye (for at London by reason of his many suitors and occasions I could not in many days speak with him to my contentment) upon my motion concerning a conclusion about the matter your Lordship understands. He very lovingly consented both to the end and also to the means; that is, he was very willing to be reconciled to your Worship and desired the

same, and concerning the means he appointed me to signify unto you that whensoever you will come to London to any convenient place (he named York House) or to Chelsye which place he thinketh will be more free and private, he will confer with you, and he doubteth not but that a loving peace shall be renewed betwixt you.

"I found him very pliable to all good motions propounded by me and ready to perform his first promise which was that when the weighty parliamentary affairs were over he would be ready to give you meeting, so it remaineth now (My Lord) that you signify your pleasure to me what time you will come to town and where you will give him meeting that I may propound to him again at your desire and understand his convenience.

"And I would entreat you not to be scrupulous concerning the place of meeting but to express your confidence in his honourable disposition: and I trust God will give such good success to your meeting and conference as that all things shall fall out to your good contentment.

"And thus commending you and the noble lady to God Almighty, I rest to my life's end your worship's friend, and faithful servant, FRANCIS WHITE."

That Buckingham and Prince Charles should have succeeded in ruining the King's favoured servant will not appear surprising to anyone who is familiar with the history of those times; but the reason for their ill-feeling is still a mystery, especially in view of the friendly relations that had always existed between Cranfield and the House of Villiers, culminating in his acceptance of a poor cousin of theirs, Anne Brett, as his second wife, when his ambitions led him to hope for the hand of Lady Howard of Effingham, the widow of the Earl of Nottingham's eldest son, who was his neighbour at the Manor House in Chelsea.

These friendly relations go at least as far back as 1616, when Villiers was only at the beginning of his extraordinary career, and Cranfield was still unhonoured. At Knole is the following holograph letter :—

"Sir,—Touching the business you desire me to move his Ma^tie^ in, I will not fail to take the first fitt opportunity for it. But whereas you would have me to write to Sir John Dackomb about the Manor of Hartington, I have written allready and sent so often unto him for the dispatch of my business that it is not worthy so much pains. And if you will speak with him about it and that he take some speedy course in it, so it is : if not, I will trouble

him no more having written so often and sent my business unto him. I thank you for the care you have of settling my business for which though Sir John Grayme be dead I will myself be your remembrance to requite any pains you shall take for me, and ever rest your very loving friend,

"GEORGE VILLIERS.

"RUFFORD, *the* 13*th of August* 1616."

When (in 1621) Cranfield was raised to the peerage, to console him for not being made Lord Chancellor on Bacon's disgrace, another occasion arose for an exhibition of Buckingham's friendly feeling. Within the next few days, as it happened, Mandeville, the Lord Treasurer, gave offence to James by opposing his foreign policy, and was forced to resign, so that when Cranfield wrote to Buckingham about his peerage, he received a reply which must have more than satisfied him both as to his fortunes and his favour with the favourite; for in addition to the peerage, he had the private intimation in Buckingham's own handwriting that he was to succeed Mandeville as Lord Treasurer. Cranfield's letter and Buckingham's reply are on the same sheet—

"MY NOBLE AND MY MOST HONOURED LORD,—I have sente yo^{r} Lp hereinclosed

the bill prepared for his Maj[ies] signature for the Honor his Highness is pleased to bestow on me by your noble mediation. I humbly praye yo[r] Lp to gett it signed and to return it to me by my servant this bearer. I do assure yo[r] Lp his Ma[tie] shall never have cause to repent the grantinge nor you the mediatinge for it, I beinge thereby the better inabled to do his Ma[ties] service wch is in truth the end of my ambition. And so kyssing yo[r] Lps hands I humbly tacke leave ever resting yo[r] Lps faithfullest servant and kinsman,

"LIONEL CRANFIELD.

"WHITEHALL, *the 4th July* 1621."

"For want of paper I send backe your one letter with the paper I spoke to you of from my Lord Treasurer. I hope you will as well deserve that title hereafter as you have alreadie this which oure master hath sined.—Your faithful servant and cosen, G. BUCKINGHAM."

In the following autumn is another letter, on family as well as official affairs. Buckingham had in the previous March married the Earl of Rutland's daughter, under circumstances as theatrical as those attending most of his actions, and takes the opportunity of

a semi-official letter to impart to his friend an inkling of the best news he could be expected to wish for. To this may be subjoined the letter of his mother, the Countess of Buckingham, in November, congratulating Cranfield on the birth of the heir whose christening was to be celebrated at Chelsea with much splendour in the following month. It is evident from these and other letters that Cranfield was wholly admitted into the family circle, and that it was Buckingham alone, or perhaps Buckingham and Prince Charles, whom he unwittingly offended.

"Cosen Cranfild,—His Maj is verie well contented with that which you bade me acquainte him with and cleare at our parting, I pray you send me word when that part of it is settled concerning my brother fildeing and how you like of his servant, but whatsoever he seeme now to be yett you must first for our master's good next for mine and lastlie for my sisters and her children continue still a watchful eye over the office.

"I have sent you here enclosed news from burlie and though it be in pens which takes oftimes a libertie of lieing yett of thees you nede not doute of there treuth for you will finde it confermd by a letter from my mother. Thus you see the confidence

I have in your love in making you partaker of thees news where in I am sure you joy as much as my self can doe as I doe unfainedlie in yours so with my best wishes to your selfe wife and boy I rest, your loving kinsman and servaunt,

"G. BUCKINGHAM.

"His Maj^te^ hath stayed here at royston a day or tow longer than he thought to have done by reason of a could I touke, . . . but I thanke God I ame now well recovered againe."

"NOBLE LD.,—I am so much over com with joye, that I cannot expresse my selfe without teares: it is as happie newse to mee, as my hart can desire, and next unto Buckingham, the welcomest; God of his mercie make us all thankfull for his manifould blessings. Doe not think that I will intermingle any worldlye businesse with this joyfull tidings, but retourne thanckes for making mee partaker of this blessing, with my trewe love to my sweete neece, my sweete boye whom I long to have in my armes, your selfe and sister to take care of our Jewell, till wee bee so happie to injoye each others companies, which I hope will bee shortly, being in our waye to new market, God send my daughter marques

safe thether, she remembers her kinde love to your Ld: and my neese and hopes to bring a kinsman to your sonne, eare it bee long for wee feele him kick thancks bee to God, my daughter Purbeck and neese Cumpton remembers theyre service to my Neese your selfe and theyre little Cosen whose health was drunck this night and so with my best love to your selfe, I rest, your Ld: most affectionate Aunt and servaunt, M. BUCKINGHAM.

"EXTON, *the* 13*th of November.*"

"Little George is very proud to heare of his young Cosen and hath sent him a payre of dise hee meane to play with him when the meete for the three shillings hee layd forth in the Country for the toye."

In his official capacity, but still as a friend and kinsman, Cranfield was the recipient in the following February of a really extraordinary dispatch from Buckingham, addressed outside thus—

For his Ma[tie] special service
To my Noble Lord The Ld Cranfield
Lord High Treasurer of England.
G. BUCKINGHAM.

At NEWMARKET, *the* 12*th of February at* 10 *in the night.*

hast post
hast post
hast post

The contents must have been a surprise, or perhaps a relief—

"Cosen,—These are plainely and truly to lett you understand that the King's will and pleasure is that if either my lord Steward the Ld: Chamberlayne or Marquis Hamilton or any of the Council doe intend to trouble or wayte on His Mj at Newmarkett to interrupt his choosing of Valentines you give them in his Maj^ties name a prohibition for the same.

"Now in earnest if any of them come his Maj^tie will blame none but your self who have had direction oftener than once to stay them there for his Maj^ties service for the reasons wch I need not now repeat. Hactenus the Prince. Quod sequitur is myne. I am glad to hear of your wifes sicknes which argues you write not so much by day but you have inke in your pen at night wch I hope will make such characters as neither you nor I shall see defaced.

"So with my service to you and your wife and little James into the bargain, I rest, your loving servaunt and kinsman,

"G. Buckingham.

"You must coyne businesses by thousands

rather than lett them come before Monday night, if they come at all, for causes.

"NEWMARKET, 12*th of February* 1621 (1622)."

In the next autumn Cranfield gained another step upwards, under circumstances which I cannot refrain from quoting out of Gardiner's *The Spanish Marriage*, as the passage contains almost the only good word that author ever says for the virtuous but commercial minister. "On the 24th of September," he writes, "Nethersole landed in England. The bitter tidings of the fall of Heidelberg had preceded him by four days. But James had other things to think about. As if he had forseen that it would be a long time before the clouds with which the sky was covered would roll away, he had signalised by a grand creation of peers the breathing time whilst the Courier with the evil news was still on the way. . . . Cranfield, snarling like a watch-dog over the treasury, had quarrelled with Digby about his allowances before he started, till the harsh words 'traitor's blood' and 'pedlar's blood' flashed forth on either side, and had lately made an attack upon Williams, bringing against him charge of malversation which were proved to be utterly without foundation. Yet cross-grained and ill-tempered as he was, his fidelity to his

master's interests was unimpeached, and he now stepped forth with the lofty title of the Earl of Middlesex."

On this occasion, too, he received from the Countess a most effusive letter of congratulation—

"NOBLE LORD,—You will give me leave to congratulate with you and my sweete neese of the honor that is fallen uppon you of late, though I be far from you all, and not worthy to be thought on, yett I cannot, nor will forgett soe neare frends as yor selves. I pray Almighty God to send you happe enioyeinge yt and all Love and peace dwell amongest you, my little godsonne I am sure is growne A brave Lord before this tyme, I beseech God to blesse him: I pray remember my love to my deare sister widdow I hope by this tyme she hath passed well over her great sorowe with out danger thus leavinge to troble yor Lordship anie further with many thanks for yor greate kindness when I was w^{h} you and my deare Neese. I comitt you to the safe keepeings of our Ld: Jesus Christe and rest, yo^{r} Ld^{hps} most Lovinge Aunt,

"M. BUCKINGHAM.

"GOADBY, *this*
27 Octo: 1622."

In the autumn of 1622 there was more

serious business afoot. It is no part of my intention to stray outside the walls of Chelsey House to write on affairs of State—though within them at this, as at some other periods, there was more public business transacted than would fill many volumes—or to make more than a passing allusion to any public events that concern its inmates. But as the question of *The Spanish Marriage* was perhaps the cause, or one of the causes, of Cranfield's offence, and as these letters of Buckingham have never before been printed, I venture to avail myself of the permission given me by Lord Sackville to use them here.

"NEWMARKET, 14 *Nov.* 1622.

"MY LORD,—Whensoever I have spoken to your Lordship about the mastership of the Wards in Ireland, your promises to dispatch it have made me so confident that I accounted it already done. But finding it still delayed and thereby his Majesty's service much prejudiced, as I can instance in some particulars in that point, I now desire your Lp without putting it off any longer either to dispatch it presently or to let me know the reasons of the stay if you think it not fit to go forward, that I may give some account to his Majesty.

"I may not omit to let your lordship know that in the spring we shall go for the

daughter of Spain, whereof I hold it fit to advertise you as timely as I could that you may have leisure to bethink yourself of preparing means for getting out the ships that are to go about that business, lest when they are to go forth they should be forced to stay for want of provision, and I desire your lordship to acquaint me as speedily as may be with your resolution herein. I will end with recommending S^r^ Robert Lambton's business to your care that you would give present order for the making over of the 500^l^ by year unto him and not defer it any longer, and so rest, y^r^ Ldps faithful servant and kinsman,

"G. Buckingham."

The next three are from Madrid—

"My good Lord,—His Highness arrived here on Friday last was sennight in the evening well and with much health thanks be to God. He alighted at the house of my ld. of Bristol and remained there until Sunday last when he made a solemn entry into the town from a monastery (where he that day dined) that stands a little distant from it. He passed on horseback through all the town having the King on his left hand and a canopy carried over them both being attended by all the grandees

and nobility of this Court, while they came to the Kings Palace where now his Highness is lodged.

"I cannot express unto your lp. how much honor is here done him nor how much affection is generally shown to his Highness' person. Much hope we have that the business will soon grow to a good conclusion, for we are daily expecting the dispensations from Rome. In the meantime I must extreat your lp to have an especial care that the ships be made ready.

"Your lp cannot but conceive how chargeable his Highness staying here must of necessity be unto him so likewise will you understand how unfitting it will be for him and how dishonourable to press the getting money from this King by way of anticipation, being here himself in person, therefore in any case his Highness desires your lp should speak with his Maj about the providing of money and to have in readiness at least the sum of ten thousand pounds that it may be punctually paid when it shall here be taken up on bills of exchange for his Highness' service.

"I shall now trouble your lp no further but only with telling you that thanks be to God I am also in health and much contented to see the honour done unto his Highness and the affection that is shown

his person, so wishing your lp all happiness I rest.

"MADRID, *ye* 18 *of March* 1622. *Stilo of England* [1623].

"His Highness desires also that your lp should personally speak with his Maj^e^ about the building of a chapel at St. James for the Infanta and her family. Before his coming away he spoke with my lord Davers about it, who will be able to inform your lp of his Highness' pleasure and opinion touching the place as also that there are already many materials in readiness which will serve to begin the work at least.—Your ldps loving kinsman and servant,

"G. BUCKINGHAM.

"I have written unto Alesbery my Secretary that one of his Maj^es^ ships be instantly sent to stay for me at St. Andere for that I hope o^r^ business will be in such estate as I shall shortly be able to goe home and leave his Highness to accompany the Infanta in her journey and I pray your ld : to hasten the coming away of that ship.

"(*P.S.* in Hol.).—My lord I pray you make no delay in dispatching the fleet and the Prince bad me say so much in his name."

"My good Lord,—By what you have expressed in your letter of the 21st of Feb. I perceive how true a friend you are and how faithfully you can love your friends. The knowledge there of the Princes health safety and contentment here will I doubt not give a general satisfaction unto all men and his happy return I hope in God shall beget more joy in the hearts of the people than this his absence hath caused sorrow.

"For mine own particular, I must confess unto your lp that from the beginning I foresaw that this my attendance on his Highness would draw upon me much censure of the vulgar yea and from persons of the wiser sort, but I chose rather to disprise any inconvenience which might that way grow unto me than to suffer in mine own heart the least unwillingness to stay my master or to serve his Highness or my country.

"I am confident that your lp will be careful of anything that may concern me, but especially in those things wherein his Highness' service is interested. . . .

"G. Buckingham.

"Madrid, 25 *March* 1623. *Stilo Angl*:"

"My noble Lord,—I did desire to have acquainted your lp with my own

handwriting of the business which his Highness doth so suddenly dispatch away my lord of Andover but that is not possible for me having divers things to give an account of unto his Maj. therefore your lp will be pleased to understand by this way that our business here is at an end, all points concluded and his Highness suddenly to be contracted unto the Infanta which they have desputado and may then lawfully enjoy all the rights of marriage, but his Highness hath thought fitter to forbear the consumating of the rest (for reasons best known unto himself) until their meeting and being in England, which is to be in the month of March next for against that time they are to make all ready, and her person for that voyage.

"His Highness is resolved to retain according as he shall receive the next directions from England.

"This King doth express a great deal of affection unto the business, and all joy at the good success of it, and all this court seem most contented therewith, all sorts of people giving particular demonstrations of joy resorting in throngs to give the Prince and all of us the joy of the happy conclusion of the business the which God grant and send us a joyful meeting unto whose protection I commit your lp and



GEORGE VILLIERS, FIRST DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

remaine, yo^{r} lp most affectionate kinsman and servant,

"G. BUCKINGHAM.

"MADRID, *the 8th of July* 1623. *St. vet.*"

On the 9th July Sir Geo. Goring wrote from Madrid warning Cranfield that it had been reported "that the Duke should have many ill offices done him of late by some great men of which number your lordship was nominated for one in a high kind"; and in this we may possibly find the germ of the complaint against Cranfield. It is pretty evident that Prince Charles had a personal dislike for him, and in his irritation at the lamentable failure of his Spanish escapade, any excuse was good enough to vent his ill-humour on some one whose disgrace would not break many hearts at Court, and also give them something to talk about besides the Infanta.

For whatever doubt there may be as to the reason for dragging Cranfield down, there is none as to the cause of his unpopularity among the courtiers—namely, that he was too careful a housekeeper. Bishop Goodman, in his *Court of King James the First*, replying to some scurrilous passages from Sir Anthony Weldon's memoirs, gives him so good a character for economy that we need not wonder at his making many enemies among

the "Academy of jugglers" composing James's Court.

Weldon writes that "this fellow Cranfield was a fellow of so mean a condition as none but a poor-spirited nobility would have endured his perching on that high tree of honour, to the dishonour of the nobility, the disgrace of the gentry, and not long after to his own dishonour." And again, that he was "nothing but a pack of ignorance, soldered together with impudence." Goodman refutes these calumnies very spiritedly and very ably, but incidentally reveals that his retrenchments and economies must have been particularly galling at a Court where "the King spent more in boots, silk stockings, beaver hats, than all the Kings of Christendom did, put them all together."

"Truly," he says, "I did once ask his lordship why he should abridge the diet and allowance at Court, wherein little was saved, with great dishonour to his Majesty. Wherein his lordship answered, that he had not abridged them one farthing, but only their stealings and thieveries; and that yet still they had such an overplus and surplusage, as no three Kings in Christendom did give the like."

"The truth is," Goodman continues, "that the wonderful waste at Court did draw on a number of Hangbies, whole families of poor people, especially Scots. . . . As poor people

do always flock to a Common, so did they flock here only for diet." That this is no libel on the Scots (and I have omitted some stronger passages) is proved by a proclamation made by the King himself, in 1611, forbidding the approach of such folk to the Court "they being in the opinioune and consait of all beholderis bot ydill rascallis and poore miserable bodysis, but with that this countrey is heavilie disgraceit, and many sclanderous imputationis gevin out against the same, as iff thair wer no personis of good ranke, comlynes, nor credit within the seme."

From another source (a letter in Birch's collection) we learn that Cranfield "had troubled much the household officers at Court by laying down a project to the King of saving him twelve thousand pounds a year in his ordinary expenses, and yet no man abridged of his allowance; which is with this condition, that either they must make it good, or void their offices."

Worse than all, he kept accounts, and paid ready money for goods supplied!

"The wisest merchant," says Goodman, "was not able to perfect the Accounts at Court, they did consist of so many mysteries and such intricate subtilties. Especially this did appear in the Wardrobe, where there were wardrobe lists, wardrobe measures, wardrobe allowances and payments, all which were re-

duced by Cranfield's means. Who did use these words : 'The King shall pay no more than other men do, and he shall pay ready money ; and if we cannot have it in one place, we will have it in another.' And by these means he saved the King at least £14,000 per annum. And so upon the occasion, as at the funeral of Queen Anne, wherein he was put in trust, he saved the King at least £10,000."

James Howell mentions that on a similar occasion—the funeral of King James himself —Cranfield proposed to buy all the mourning cloth white, and then have it dyed in gross, "which," he adds, "is like to save the Crown a good deal of money. The drapers murmur extremely at the Lord Cranfield for it."

Had he made it good with the mammon of unrighteousness, he might have found someone to stand up for him, and perhaps have kept his house at Chelsea. But it is pretty certain that the origin of the quarrel with Buckingham was a personal one. We hear the last echo of it, in a letter of his written, but perhaps never sent, to the widowed Duchess in 1631—the draft is at Knole—and as it sheds a gleam of light on the carefully obscured episode of Buckingham's marriage, besides giving Cranfield's own side of his story of his relations with him, it is well worth perusing.

But let us first glance at the circumstances

of the marriage, which took place in May 1620, as summarised by Gardiner (*The Spanish Marriage*, vol. i. p. 331). "Rutland was deeply irritated at his daughter's apostasy. Whilst he was in this mood he was told that the young lady had left the house in the morning in company with Lady Buckingham [the duke's mother, who with the assistance of Williams, afterwards Lord Chancellor, was the prime mover in the whole affair] and had not returned at night. The fact seems to have been that she had been taken ill, and had been kept by Lady Buckingham, in her own apartment till the next morning. This was the story told by Lady Buckingham, and judging by her son's language afterwards, I see no reason to doubt its accuracy. But the angry father was not to be convinced. His daughter, he fancied, having first abandoned her religion had consummated her guilt by sacrificing her own chastity and the honour of her family to the impatience of her lover. He refused to admit her again into his house, and forced her to take refuge with Lady Buckingham. Upon Buckingham himself he poured out his indignation in no measured terms. But for the intervention of the Prince the two noblemen would have come to blows. Rutland insisted that the marriage should take place immediately, as the only way to clear his daughter's fame. Buckingham replied

that Lady Catherine's fame was safe from everything except her father's tongue; that if he was to be spoken to in such a style as this, he would have nothing more to do with the match. When he was by himself, Buckingham was inclined to treat the whole affair as a jest. He drew up a petition on the subject, which he presented to the King. 'I most humbly beseech your Majesty,' he wrote, 'that for the preserving me from the foul blemish of unthankfulness, you would lay as strait charge upon my lord of Rutland to call home his daughter again, or at least I may be secured that in case I should marry her, I may have so much respite of time given me as I may see one act of wisdom in the foresaid Lord as may put me in hope that of his stock I may sometime beget one able to serve you in some mean employment. . . .'

"On the 16th of May the couple were married by Williams. After all that had passed it was thought inexpedient that there should be any public festivities, and no one but the King and the bride's father were present at the wedding. Williams received the Deanery of Westminster in reward for his services."

Had the author been aware of the contents of the subjoined letter of Cranfield's, he might perhaps have been less ready to accept

Buckingham's version of the story unquestioned, and his petition as entirely a jest.

"To the Duchess of Buckingham.

"MADAM,—When at the gate house in Whitehall [23 March 1620] you had by your own act reduced yourself into as distressed an estate as you have now brought me and mine; being by your dead lord acquainted with all the passages concerning that secret, my bowels did yearn on your behalf. And although I was then to you a stranger yet I dealt kindly and effectually for you, as if I had been your father. In so much as if it had not been for my advice, fortified with reasons on the one side and the now Lord Savage his discretion and stoutness on the other, I may truly affirm you had never been the Duke's wife.

"If I should tell you what your lord then acquainted me with concerning that business (which I never did yet to any) you would confess your lord at that time loved and trusted me much. For I prevailed with him for you, when his own dear mother with her tears could not. I do not think you ever knew so much before, nor should have done now, but to show how unfortunate I am to be undone for you of whom I have deserved so well. I did not pour vinegar into your wounds

when you were afflicted for your lord's being in the Isle of Rhe, but gave you the best and all the comfort I could, in that fear, out of which you have by the lewd practice of your Minister misinformed the King, thrown myself with my wife and children out of door.

"Your dead lord in the bitterness of his soul told you in bed that he pulled me down, but withal confessed he never had a good day after, and did with great vehemence curse all those that had made a misunderstanding between him and me, or that were the cause he did it. This yourself reported voluntarily to my wife and her mother at two several times shortly after your lord's death.

"And my lord Savage hath affirmed to me upon his knowledge that he was resolved to make me reparations and was so troubled until he had done it that he struck a dagger to his heart that he did but name me; and that he intended really to do this not only his mother hath often sworn to me both before and since his death but there be some great lords yet living can and will testify so much."

The circumstances under which Buckingham obtained Chelsea House from Cranfield were, as I have mentioned, comparable with

those of his acquisition of York House from Bacon after his disgrace—though not entirely similar. When Bacon refused to give it up, Buckingham, though much offended, went off on another tack, and tried to induce Bacon to sell it to someone else—someone of his own party who, it may be supposed, would be willing to pass it on to him. In January 1621–2 the Duke of Lennox asked him if he would part with it, adding as a postscript, "In respect my Lord of Buckingham was once desirous to have had this house I would not deal for it till now that he is otherwise provided." To whom Bacon replied, "York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed, and there will I yield my last breath, if it so please God, and the King, will give me leave . . . at least no money nor value shall make me part with it. Besides, as I never denied it to my Lord Marquis, so yet the difficulty I made was so like a denial, as I owe unto my great love and respect to his lordship a denial to all my other friends." The rest of the story Spedding summarises as follows: "Buckingham had not yet quite recovered from his affront, but he was relenting, and Bacon's great friends were still engaged in persuading him with sweetmeats to be good. It hardly seems credible, and yet it was the opinion of those who had the best means of knowing, that the grievance

which he could not get over was after all nothing more than the disappointment about York House. Bacon had begun to think of offering Gorhambury to make amends. But that was not what he wanted. The refusal of York House to the Duke of Lennox was observed to have had a decidedly good effect. But it was not enough that the Duke should be shut out as well as himself. A man of his own must be put in, and that man must be Cranfield—being, I suppose, the man whom he could best trust to give it up to himself upon his own terms when he chose . . . and upon those terms, strange to say, the business was actually arranged. As soon as this condition was fulfilled Bacon was at last released from his restraint and allowed to live in London."

I need not quote all the correspondence printed by Spedding — it is not nearly as elaborate as that we have concerning the Chelsea House — but Bacon concludes his last letter to Cranfield on the subject thus—

> "As for somewhat towards the paying off my debts, which are now my chief care, and without charge of the King's coffers I will not now trouble your Lordship; but purposing to be at Chiswick (where I have taken a house) within this sevennights I

hope to wait upon your Lordship and to gather some violets in your garden, and will then impart unto you if I have thought of anything of that nature for my good."

Having thus brought the great Bacon within the pale of our subject, the occasion seems a good one for printing three letters from him to the Lord Treasurer at Chelsea which were unknown to Spedding. As will be seen, they are all appeals for help in his distress.

The first is dated 7th October 1621, shortly after Cranfield's being appointed Lord Treasurer.

"My L , Yf I should profess to yr Lp that I am right gladd of yor advancemt it may be yow would not beleeve me. But it is trew. Neyther is it onely for love of the K's Servyce which with me shall ever remayn but for respects towards my self. For I doe think a man doth but trifle with himself, that lookes to part matters, synce every wise man hath enough to doe to look forward, in which kynd of prospect I am not without hope (the rather in respect of some honorable speeches that I hear have passed from yor mouth) that yor l may and will doe me good and therein (as perhaps I persuade my self) honor to yor self.

"My requests tend onely to the comfort of a private life, wherein I shall think my self happy when I am out of wants. I shall awaite yo^{r} lp with 3 requests at once which had need be very reasonable, or at least well prepared to excuse me of immodesty in the number.

"The first is, that you would be pleased so to take remembrance of my former service wherein yo^{r} lp is one of my best witnesses, and my present hard fortune as I may be sure of my pension of 2200*l* to be paid to me at the daies.

"The second, that whereas in respect of my debt for the Miter (wherein I was the K's best Chapman by an hundreth pounds) my Midsomer and our La day pension was stopped and recouped by Mr. Chancellor which made me so bare of money as the five hundreth pounds which was dew to the K for my rent upon the pety writs at Midsomer, is not yet paid in; that I may notwithstanding receyve my Michellmas pension, and an hundreth pounds which is dew to me since Midsomer and the pay^{t} of that 500 may goe on upon Christmas and o^{r} La daies quarters. The pension is for years, so there is no hazard.

"The third and last is which is the Mayne. That whereas my noble friend my L Marquisse upon whom my hopes

Anchore, is now devysing to go through with somewhat for the paym^t of my debts. And the increase of my yearly means yo^r lp would be so noble as to gyve furderaunce to the same, and to settle it whear it may be most passable.

"It is an Error if it be thought it must be some great matter, for I am not so deplored an yll husband but some convenyent liberality will serve my turn. God keep and prosper yo^r lp.—I remayn, your lps to doe you servyce, FR. ST. ALBAN."

The other two are dated the 9th and 16th February 1623–4, and may be inserted at page 452 of vol. vii. of Spedding's *Life and Letters*, where the circumstances under which they were written are dealt with. A letter from Buckingham to Cranfield recommending the suit is also at Knole, dated 9th January.

"MY VERY GOOD L , A long and wastyng diseas in the s hath disarmed me to fight with a cold wynter. Whearby I am unable to styrre abroad and waite upon yo^r lp as I desired, both to deliver my L D of Buckingham's love (?) and otherwise. I intreated my very good friend S^r He Vane to break my sute which I made to the King wch yo^r lp by whome I have receyved from yo^r lp a curteous answer. And because I

know not how long I may be prisoner to this weather (my health considered) I desired my cosen finch to attend yo^{r} lp And the to save you a labour of wryting, being a gentleman faithfull to myself and as I have proved in many private Conferences with him much obliged to y^{r} lp. By whom I desire humbly to receyve y^{r} lps answer much desyring my self to see you and more to express my self y^{r} lps affectionate to doe you humble service. F. St. Alban."

"My very good L , I humbly thank yo^{r} lp for the favor wch I understand by my Cosen Finches relation yo^{r} lp expresseth toward my sute ; and I pray yo^{r} lp to hasten ye certificate and to make it favorable, for in these things there is Latitude of Favour. I have observed that benefites bestowed upon men in prosperity are like seeds cast upon a Pavement (?) and almost lost ; but bestowed upon men in adversity they are like seed sowen in a ground new broken up and take fast hold. That is my case : if there were any means for me to express my self towards yo lp affectionate to doe you humble servyce.

"F. St. Alban."

For one thing, at least, posterity may be



GATEWAY DESIGNED BY INIGO JONES (NOW AT CHISWICK)
From a photograph by Francis Taylor, by kind permission of the L.C.C.

grateful to Cranfield; namely, the gateway designed by Inigo Jones for Chelsea House, and removed by Lord Burlington to Chiswick, where it is still standing. In his official capacity Cranfield must have been in frequent intercourse with Jones, who at the time of the Lord Treasurer's occupation at Chelsea was engaged in planning the palace at Whitehall, and in the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In the latter Cranfield had more than an official interest. "Now for religion," Goodman writes, "my Lord bethought himself how he might do something for the honour of God, and finding such a goodly fabric of building as St. Paul's Church in London to be in great decay, he procured a commission, directed to himself and others, to examine where the fault was, to give an estimate of the charge, and to take order for the repairing . . . and this was the beginning of the re-edifying of St. Paul's Church, which was afterwards so much seconded by bishops and churchmen."

More than this, it is evident from a letter of Sir Henry Wotton, accompanying a copy of his tract on *The Elements of Architecture*, in 1624, that Cranfield had a real love for the arts.

"My Lord,"—it runs,—"I humbly present unto your lordship this Pamphlet,

printed sheet by sheet, as fast as it was born, and born as soon as it was conceived; so that it must needs have the imperfections and deformities of an immature birth besides the weakness of the Parent. And therefore I could not allow it so much favour even from myself as to think it worthy of dedication to any. Yet my long devotion towards your lordship and your own noble love of this Art which I handle do warrant me to entertain you with a copy thereof. And so I rest, etc."

Two stone tablets on the gate record its history—

Builded by Inigo Jones at Chelsea MDCXXI.
Given by Sir Hans Sloane Baronet to the Earl of Burlington MDCCXXXVII.

Though it is better known from Pope's epigram upon its removal—

Passenger:

"O Gate, how cam'st thou hither?"

Gate:

"I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Battered with wind and weather
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone
Burlington brought me hither."

At Knole is a holograph letter of Inigo Jones which probably refers to this very gate, if not to some more extensive works designed by him for the house.

"Accordinge to yo^{r} honors desyre I have sent yow a Mason for yo^{r} worke at Chelsey his name is John Medhurst, hee is a hard stone man and will fytt yo^{r} turne well.—Yo^{r} honours to be &c. Commanded,

"Inigo Jones.

"4 *Aprill* 1620."

Another paper at Knole, which shows that Cranfield's interest in architecture was no passing fancy, is endorsed—

"Mr. Stone about my toombe, recd. Maye 1638."

As Nicholas Stone was second only to Inigo Jones in his art at this period, and as this estimate is not mentioned by Walpole in his lengthy account of Stone's commissions, it is perhaps worth printing in full—

"The tombe to be Sixe foote and halfe in length foure foote in breadth in manner and form like unto a plott thereof drawne.

"The price three hundred pounds and the foure and twenty peeces of marble All charges to be Boren by me As supplie of

Marble woorkmanshipe Only the carrage to the place to be performed at the charge of your Lordshippe.

"The payments as followeth One hundred pounds to beginne and the said foure and twenty peeces of marble which are now liinge in yo[r] honours courte at St. Bartholomews fifty pounds more in December next and fifty pounds more in March following And one hundred pounds more beinge in full of the said 300 pounds within one weeke after the tombe be sett up and fully finished."

There is some difficulty in identifying the monument in Westminster Abbey with this specification. Mr. Walter Spiers, who has made the works of Stone his special study, is unable to resolve the doubt, for although the details of it are in many respects similar to those of the Villiers monument by Stone, it is difficult to explain the fact that there is no mention of it in Stone's account book, which in this year is filled with many pages of entries relating to agreements with his clients and with his assistants. Mr. Spiers offers a very plausible solution of the difficulty in suggesting that as Cranfield did not die till 1645, the monument was executed by some other sculptor from Stone's "plot" or design.

Another document at Knole is an inventory



CRANFIELD'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY
From a photograph by Walter Spiers, Esq., F.S.A

of household stuff which, though not by any means a complete schedule of the whole furniture, is of some interest as enumerating the various rooms in the house. I omit the bedrooms.

An Inventory of household stuffe delivered by Mr. Thomas Chatchinay to Richard Coleback out of Chelsey house for the furnishing of Copthall the 30th of March 1625.

Out of the Great Chamber.

Seaven peeces of hangings of the history of Noah.
A Persian table Carpet.
A little paire of brasse andirons a fier shovell and tongges.
Twoe smale Turkey Carpets.
Eight chrimson silk windowe Curtanes.

Out of the Withdrawing Roome.

A paire of Iron andirons wth brasse topps.

Out of my Ld's Study next the Garden.

A great Tissue Chair silver and gould wth Redd.
Six high stooles wth three lowe stooles sutable.
A long cushion sutable.
Twoe damask Curtains for windows whyte and redd.

Out of the Chamber next my Lds Study.

Fower paires of Tapestry hangings.

OUT OF THE CHAMBER NEXT THE HALLE.

Six high stooles with six back stooles to them.
A great Chair of Spanish leather wth blue and gilt.
A Carnation damask bedd.
A great Chair. A long Cushion.
Two high stooles. Two low stooles sutable.

OUT OF THE DINING ROOME.

Two long Cushions of Cloth of silver.
Two long Cushions of Cl ma flase.
Three turkey Carpets. A table Carpet.
Two Calore Carpets.
Seaven peeces of Arras hangings of the story of Perseus and Andromade.

OUT OF THE BLACK CHAMBER.

The King's Traverse Crimson Taffeta.
A dosen of Chrimson velvet Chaiers.
A Chrimson velvet Carpet.
A long cushion of Chrimson velvet.
A Turkey foote Carpet.

Ordinary furniture is also enumerated in the following rooms :—

The nursery.
My la^{s} wardroob.
The gallery.
La Perkins Chamber.
The Chamber next the Greene Chamber.
The next Chamber.
The nursery.
The wardrobe ou^{r} the new kitchen.
Clark of the kitchen Chamber.
Butlers Chamber.

Yeoman of the wardrobes Chamber.
Young la[s] Chamber.
Nursery.
Mr. Heaths' outer chamber.
The Cook's Chamber.
Mr. Bowen's Chamber.
Mr. Bowen's man's Chamber.

There are also several weekly statements by the clerk of the kitchen, which would make a very interesting volume of themselves—detailed lists of every item of food, from carcases of beef to ounces of spice—from which it might be supposed that Cranfield's love of order and economy extended to the minutest details of his household expenditure. As a set off to these I may quote a specimen from a very long and very extraordinary report furnished by one of his servants, which would seem to argue that abuses will exist even in the best-regulated establishments.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MY VERY GOOD LORD, — Whereas your honour did promise me to make my wages forty pounds a year if I would undertake to govern your house according to your orders of a steward, I have since that time bin dilly gent too observe the disorders in your honour's house, and I do find that you have the most disordered house of any nobleman in England.

" 1. First, you are not well attended at your table as other noble men are. . . .

2. Secondly, the meat is purloined and carried out of the house very often, and much meat is taken from the table and kept for breakfast.

3. Thirdly, there is great resort to the house, and every man hath his friend to entertain but for my own part I give no entertainment to any.

4. Fourthly, Carter and Halfhead doth entertain many in to the wine cellar and the beer cellar and so doth many other.

5. Fifthly, Carter doth deseave you in buying of meat, and that maketh him so rich therefore it were necessary to put him away and to take honester men to serve your honour.

6. Sixthly, the doors are often open all night long but latterly I have . . . care to keep them fast.

7. Seventhly, there is much beer and wine carried out of the house to the yeoman of the horse and the rest of the grooms for they drink night and day in their chambers and burn much wood and it is also thought that they steal the otes from their horses and sell them to go to the park gate.

8. Aythly, Halfhead hath a company of

base folk with him in the back house and bru house to help him steal bread and drink with him in the back house and bru house."

Of the thousands of letters and papers on all sorts of business addressed to Cranfield during his residence at Chelsea, which time was the busiest in the whole of his busy life, it is impossible to speak in these pages. The few which I have quoted, as bearing in one way or another on the story of the house and how it came to pass into Buckingham's hands, must suffice as specimens ; and I will conclude with one from his neighbour at Shrewsbury House in Chelsea, the Countess of Devonshire. Our regret that her good wishes were fruitless, and that Cranfield was for ever driven from public life, and from his Chelsea house, must be tempered by the reflection that another turn is given to the kaleidoscope, and also that Knole has preserved what would doubtless have perished at Chelsea.

"My Lorde, — The contentment I receyved at Chelsey by the good neighbourhood of y^r^ lord^p^ and the rest of my worthy friendes, hath soe much tied my affection to that place that I often wish myselfe there againe : in the meane season, it wil be a satisfaction unto mee to heare that my

friends are in health, especially y^r^ lord^p^, y^r^ noble lady, and all yours, to whom I wish soe well. I was sorry when I understood that all things accorded not to y^r^ lord^ps^ desyre, and the wishe of those that are y^r^ friendes ; but, hope ye tyme will worke an issue answerable to the wisdome you shall shewe in y^r^ patience and expectation : the accomplishment whereof is by none more earnestly desyred than by your lord^ps^ most affectionate friend, EDEVENSHER.

"HARDWICKE, 26
Aug: 1624."

One more document I can hardly omit—not that it has anything to do with the house, but as of being of such wide general interest—

"These be to pray and require you to deliver or cause to be delivered to the bearer hereof John Hemynges in behalf of himself and the rest of his fellowes his Majestys servants the Players whose names are hereunder written such allowance for their Liveries as hath been heretofore accustomed. For the which this shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge from Whitehall this 21st of May 1619.

"(*Signed*) PEMBROKE.

To S[r] Lionel Cranfield M[r] of the great Wardrobe or to his deputy.

John Hemminges	Robert Goffe
Henry Condell	Robert Benfield
John Lowen	William Eccleston
Nathan Fields	John Shanke
John Underwood	Richard Robinson
Nicholas Tooley	Joseph Taylor."

Another, identical save for a few verbal differences, is dated 7th April 1621. In this the name of John Rice appears, and that of Nathan Fields is omitted.

CHAPTER VI

FOR a year or so after Cranfield's disgrace the house was probably empty. In May 1625 Chamberlain writes that "the Earl of Middlesex has retired to Copt Hall, having compounded for his fine with £5000, his farm of sugars and his house at Chelsea." James was dead, and Buckingham had then just started for Paris to bring home the new Queen. By the time he returned the plague was raging in London, and towards the end of the year had rendered even Chelsea uninhabitable. Dr. Donne had retired thither in November, and wrote that "the infection had multiplied so fast that it was no good manners to go to any other place," and he therefore kept away from Court.

The Patent granting the house to Buckingham was not issued till 1627, but on 7th July 1626 Mead had mentioned in a letter that "yesterday at Chelsea House the Duke feasted the King and Queen." In October 1626 Sir Thomas Brudenel sent a present—"To the princely hand of the Duke of Buckingham's Grace, at Chelsea"; so he had probably

installed himself there with some sort of his usual magnificence.

In May 1627 he set out for Rochelle, and on that occasion too he "feasted the Queen at Chelsey." Had he survived Felton's attack in the following year, the story of Chelsea House would certainly have been enriched with many brilliant illuminations.

For besides the feastings and ceremonies of which Chelsea House would in all likelihood have been the scene, it is beyond doubt that he intended to furnish it with the pictures and other treasures of art upon which he so lavishly expended his fortune. That he had already begun to do so is apparent from a manuscript at the Bodleian—a copy of the schedule to an indenture, dated 11th May 1635, made on the marriage of his widow to Randall MacDonell—for the purpose of securing to the young Duke all his father's wonderful collection of pictures, statues, etc. As it happens, this MS. (Rawl : 340, p. 30) is wrongly described in the printed catalogue as an inventory of the pictures, etc., "At Buckingham House Chelsey," and so had escaped the notice of the connoisseurs. As a matter of fact, it is only the last few pages that concern Chelsea House, the bulk of it being an inventory of the famous collection at York House. At Chelsea there were only the few pictures following :—

A great picture of the Prince of Fauxbourg.
A piece of St. John preaching in the wilderness.
Three pieces upon paper, water colour, of the 12 months.
A piece of Venus sleeping, a copy of Mitens.
A great piece of a market, a copy of Bastan.
The Ambassador Gondomar at length.
A piece of Joseph asleep.
A piece of our Lady and our Saviour.

But all the statuary, mostly antique, and the "Twelve cases of Antiquityes of Aggats Comelian and several other stones"—what are nowadays known as "gems"—were at Chelsea, and in particular, amongst other pieces "On the Mount in the Garden" was

"A Rare piece of White Marble of Cain and Abell."

There is nothing in this bare entry to suggest that it refers to a famous masterpiece of sculpture ; no group of Cain and Abel is known to the cognoscenti, and no sculptor's name is mentioned. But in the catalogue of Buckingham's pictures and "models" intended to be sent to Antwerp about the year 1650, there is this entry—

"Cain and Abel in marble by John of Bologna, now in York House Garden or at Chelsea."

And in 1661, Henry Peacham, in the third edition of a little work entitled *The Compleat Gentleman*, commits himself to the opinion that the garden of York House — which stood

behind Inigo Jones' water-gate at Charing Cross—"will be renowned so long as John of Bologna's 'Cain and Abel' stand erected there, a piece of wondrous art and workmanship."

There is no "Cain and Abel" known to any biographer of John of Bologna; but there is a "Samson and the Philistine" mentioned by all of them as a masterpiece. "Giovanni Bologna," says Filippo Baldinucci, in his *Notizie de' Professori del Disegno*, received the commission to carve for the Casino of the Grand Duke Francesco the group of Samson trampling the Philistine under foot, which was placed above the fountain of the Cortile de' Simplici, where he also executed some most admirable pieces of bizarre invention in the shape of marine monsters who support the basin. In this statue of Samson Giovanni Bologna seems to have surpassed himself, inasmuch as he succeeded in keeping it further removed from a certain mannerism than are some of his works, and in consequence much more like to nature and truth. . . . This fountain was afterwards sent as a gift by the Grand Duke Ferdinand to the Duke of Lerma in Spain."

The Grand Duke Francesco reigned from 1574 to 1587—so that the statue must have been executed between those dates; Ferdinand, his brother, succeeded him and reigned till

1609, before which time it had been sent to Spain. Since that date it is generally supposed to have disappeared; but there is no possible doubt that it was identical with the "Cain and Abel," as it can be traced with certainty by one record after another to its present whereabouts.

We next hear of it after it left Florence from Sir Sackville Crowe's manuscript account of Buckingham's privy purse on his journey to Spain with Prince Charles in 1623. "Given by his lordship's orders at Valladolid to Mr. Gerbier towards the charge of bringing the great stone statue from thence to St. Andrews £40." St. Andrews was, of course, Santander, whence they embarked for England.

It appears from a letter to Lord Stafford (14th August 1624) that the statue was placed in the garden of York House forthwith. "A goodly statue of stone set up in the garden before the new building bigger than the life, of a Samson with a Philistine betwixt his legs, knocking his brains out with the jawbone of an ass." Next we find it at Chelsea; after which there is a large gap in its history. It is said to have been removed to Buckingham Palace, but the most authentic record concerning it is an entry in the catalogue of pictures at Hovingham Hall, Yorkshire, in 1778.



SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINE
By John of Bologna

"Samson slaying a Philistine, given as a parting gift by Philip, King of Spain, to our King Charles I., who gave it to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was purchased with Buckingham House, and by the favour and grace of George III. was sent to Hovingham."

This entry is in the handwriting of Thomas Worsley, M.P., Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Works, grandfather of the present owner of Hovingham, Sir William Worsley, Bart., to whose courtesy I am indebted for the illustration of this famous group.

Of the sculpture within the house the following are some of the items in the catalogue, of which the descriptions furnish enough information to make them interesting. In "The Great Chamber" were no less than sixty-two pieces, mostly portrait busts, but with a few notable exceptions :—

The Emperor Trajanus at length.
Apollo with his harp.
A sea triumph.
A child on a dolphin.
A great head of Alcitiades.
A little woman without a head.
A little laughing boy.
An urne of the Emperor.

In "The Gallery" were thirty-one pieces, principally busts, including those of Marcus Aurelius (two), Marcellus, Octavianus Augustus when young, Chrisippus, Symon

Alenesius, A Grecian Queen, Lullius Verus, Tiberius, Cato, Drusus, Domitian, Brutus, Julius Cæsar, Nero, Seneca, Faustina, Elius Verus, Vitellius, Cleopatra, Phorion, etc.

In "My Lord's Closet" were no portraits, but the following, which, as they were presumably choice pieces, I take verbatim from the catalogue :—

A little child with his arms behind him.
A Diana about 4½ feet high.
A Little Cupid lying asleep.
A standing figure of a woman.
A little child sitting.
A little standing figure of a woman.
A standing figure of a man.
Another standing figure of a woman.
A standing figure of a woman.
A naked boy with fruit.
A piece of a Cullon (?) with 3 figures of women.
A figure of Bacchus.
A naked Boy with fruit in his lapp.
Two figures of men.
A little woman.
A man with a Cornucopia.
A woman standing with a cup in her hand.
A statue of Caius Cæsar Augustus.
A statue of Panpirus.
A figure of a woman.
A figure of a man.
A little boy standing and playing with a dog.

A separate entry headed "My Lord's Closett" mentions "a model of Brasse of King Henry the Fourth" and "Cardinall Farnese's Bull."

The widowed Duchess of Buckingham retired to Chelsea with her two children, and it was there, according to Brian Fairfax, that she gave birth to her posthumous son, Francis. From the following letter it would seem that she lived there for a few years afterwards :—

"My Ld :—I understand by Jentelescho that if he could have the money dewe to him from his Ma^e^ hee would willinglie leave England and begone into his owne Cuntrie, and I believe the King hath noe greate use of him, therefore I would intreate your Ld-ship to moove the King that hee might receeve what is dewe to him, by which meanes I should bee in good hope I should have Yorke howse free to my selfe for want whereof I suffer much in respecte in the winter. I am constrained to keepe a familie at Chelsey to looke to my Laundrie which I should not neede to do if that house weare in my owne hand so that it is wonderfull inconvenient for mee. Therefore good my Lord bee pleased to doe mee what favour you can herein which I shall take very kindly from you and also the favour you are pleased to doe for my servant Fielding in his business and ever remayne, your Ld-ships faithfull friend and servant,

"K. Buckingham.

"28*th July* 1631."

In the following year, too, there is an entry in the Parish Books of one shilling "given to the Ringers at his Majesty's coming to the Duchess's house." In 1635, as we have noted, she married again.

Rubens's drawings of the Duke and Duchess were, I suppose, made in Paris, as he did not visit England until 1629. But it is recorded in the Dutch archives that the day before he left England he paid an official visit to the Dutch Envoy Joachimi at Chelsea, and it is unlikely that he did not also present himself to the Duchess at the Great House on this occasion.

On the 10th April 1646 the *Perfect Occurrences* informed the world that "the Duchess of Lennox, daughter to the (late) Duke of Buckingham, being then at Oxford petitioned the Lords for leave to come to London or to her house at Chelsey to be under Dr. Mayerne's hands for her health; a pass was ordered for her and the concurrence of the Commons desired."

This introduces us to an exceedingly sweet person, Lady Mary, the Duke's only daughter. At the time of his death she was barely six years old, but as his monument was not erected in Westminster Abbey till several years later, we may behold her there in marble, demurely kneeling between her two brothers, at the respectable age of nine or ten.

It is in a letter from the Duchess when at York House in July 1623, written to her husband in Spain, that we first hear how accomplished and charming a person she was.

"My Lord,"—she writes,—"Indeed I must crave your pardon that I did write you no more particulars of our pretty Moll . . . but if you will pardon this fault I will commit the like no more. She is very well, I thank God, and when she is set to her feet, and held by her sleeve, she will not go santly but stamp and set one foot afore another very fast, that I think she will run before she can go.

"She loves dancing extremely, and when the saraband is played, she will get her thumb and her finger together, offering to snap ; and then when Tom Duff is sung, then she will shake her apron ; and when she hears the tune of the clapping dance my Lady Francis Herbert taught the Prince, she will clap both her hands together, and on her breast, and she can tell the tunes as well as any of us can ; and, as they change her dancing.

"I would you were here but to see her, for you would take much delight in her, now she is so full of pretty play and tricks ; and she has gotten a trick that when they dance her she will cry Hah, hah ! and

Nicholas will dance with his legs, and she will imitate him as well as she can. She will be excellent at a hat, for if one lay her down she will kick her legs over her head; but when she is older I hope she will be more modest.

"Everybody says she grows everyday more like you than other. You shall have her picture very shortly."

Another letter, from Edward Conwey on the 3rd May in the same year, playfully tells the Duke how the King came to Hyde Park, "at the entry whereof he found a fair lady indeed, the fairest Lady Mary in England, and he made a great deal of love to her, and gave her his watch, and kept her as long pleased with him as he could, not without expression to all the company that it was a miracle that such an ugly deformed father (!) should have so sweet a child; and all the company agreed that it was a hard thing to find such a father and such a child."

At about the same time Balthazaar Gerbier was writing about the pictures he was procuring for the Duke, and saying that "Madame desires me to send your Excellency a portrait of herself and your sweet little lady, but the time of the departure of your vessels has been so short that I have been obliged to send that which was painted three years ago: and for

the little lady, she has been painted in great haste, and only half finished ; the hands which crave a blessing on your Excellency are merely outlined."

When only eleven, she was married to Lord Herbert, a youth of sixteen, and their nuptials occasioned some of D'Avenant's sweetest verses—

Roses till ripe and ready to be blown
Their beauty hide, whilst it is yet their own ;
'Tis ours but in expectance, whilst th'are green ;
And bashfully they blush when first 'tis seen,
As if to spread their beauty were a crime :
A fault in them, not in all ripening Time.
So stands (hidden with veils) in all her pride
Of early flourishing, the bashful bride.
And till the priest with words devoutly said
Shall ripen her a wife, there's yet a maid.
Her veil will never off; so modest still
And so expressed by nature, not by skill
That sure she dressed her looks when she did rise
Not in her glass, but in her mother's eyes.

Herbert was sent on his travels and never returned, dying in Italy ; and in a few years Lady Mary was again married, this time to the Duke of Richmond and Lennox.

She was soon again a widow, but after her return from exile — she accompanied the Queen to France—she married "Northern Tom Howard." She figures prominently in a little known book by Madame D'Aulnoy, *Memoires de la Cour d'Angleterre*, in which her brother, the second Duke, is, so to speak,

the leading character. To him the Chelsea estate was restored, after having been occupied during the Commonwealth by Bulstrode Whitelocke and John Lord Lisle, the two first Commissioners.

Time is certainly kinder to bad characters than Eternity is supposed to be, and has so hallowed the astonishing career of the younger Buckingham that it is difficult to read of him without feeling at least as much sympathy as if he were the hero of a novel of adventure and not an actual villain. At this distance of time his depravity does not affect us, except with wonder, while the story of his adventures is so fascinating that we feel equal to forgiving him almost everything.

At the date of his father's assassination he was barely seven months old—his brother Francis being born posthumously. Until 1631, as we have seen, he was probably with his mother at Chelsea, and possibly a few years later. In 1642 he and his brother escaped from Cambridge to join the King at Oxford. Buckingham was then barely fifteen!—and at the entreaty of his mother they were both sent abroad to keep them out of further mischief. In 1648, however, they were back again, and on Surbiton Common we have to take a sad farewell of the younger of them. "My Lord Francis," says Brian Fairfax, "at the head of his troop, having

his horse slain under him, got to an oak tree in the highway about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it defending himself, scorning to ask for quarter and they barbarously refusing to give it, till with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the first two letters of his name, F.V., cut on it to this day."

Buckingham escaped with Lord Holland to St. Neots, where his party was surprised in the night at the Inn. They flung open the gates, and fought their way out, leaving Lord Holland (who was lodging elsewhere) in the enemy's hands, and joined King Charles across the water. In 1650 he returned with Charles to Scotland, and was with him to the last in the defeat at Worcester, only parting from him at White-ladies, when for reasons of State it was thought more prudent for him to accompany Colonel Blague, who was entrusted with the "George" for delivery to Mrs. Barlowe. Blague was taken, but Buckingham was again fortunate, and succeeded in reaching his sister, the Duchess of Richmond in Nottingham, whence he shortly escaped to Holland.

Here, at the age of twenty-three, he began—so far at least as is recorded—his extraordinary love affairs, by aspiring to the hand of King Charles' sister, widow of the Prince of

Orange, and succeeded so far as to occasion from her mother the remark that "if it were possible for her daughter to entertain so base a thought she would tear her in pieces with her own hands." The widow herself gave him to understand that his advances were not acceptable, and he left her Court as suddenly as he had joined it.

Within a couple of years he was a suitor for the hand of Cromwell's daughter, besides being on terms of some familiarity with her sister, Ireton's wife. Having failed in aiming so high, on either side, he next sought the safety of a middle course, and engaged himself to the daughter of Lord Fairfax. Success befel him, though not safety, as immediately on his marriage becoming known he was pursued and arrested. Thanks to Fairfax's intercession with Cromwell the happy pair were allowed to spend their honeymoon in York House, but on Buckingham breaking bounds, he was committed to the Tower, and had it not been for Cromwell's death, would probably have suffered still more. "If Oliver had lived for three days longer," he himself said, "I had certainly been put to death."

Up to this time his career had been punctuated by escapes, but with the Restoration it became rather a series of escapades; for however serious, morally or politically, they seemed to be, it is somehow impossible to take them

altogether seriously, and Dryden's fine contempt for his lack of influence is not altogether affected. He seems to have inherited from his father and acquired from his early surroundings all the independence of Royalty, but unfettered by any of its responsibilities; and while the Fitzregal Monmouth took himself seriously enough to come to the block, it was enough for Buckingham to enjoy a sort of irregular glory that led by somewhat lurching stages to a less painful if less heroic end.

The portrait of the younger Buckingham, as Horace Walpole observes, has been drawn by four masterly hands. Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; Count Hamilton has touched it with that slight delicacy that finished while it seems but to sketch; Pope completed the historical resemblance. In more recent times he has been equally fortunate, for Lady Burghclere has done no less for him than Mrs. Thomson for his father. Her only fault (though in our eyes it is hardly a pardonable one) is that she makes no mention whatever of Chelsea. It is true that there is nothing actually recorded to connect him with the place — unless we may quote a sentence from *The Militant Couple*, where he makes Bellair say, "Thou may'st as well think there runs as high a sea in Chelsea Reach as in the Bay of Biscay"— but it may be presumed that he spent some

of his youthful days there, before the house was seized by the Parliament. Possibly, too, he used it during the two or three years after the Restoration, before it was made over to his creditors, and if so, it is not too much to suppose that part of *The Rehearsal* may have been written there. For although this wonder was not produced till many years later, when the part of Bayes was written up for the confusion of Dryden, it has been stated, with every circumstance of probability, that it was begun in 1663 and finished in 1664, "because it had been several times rehearsed, and the players were perfect in their parts and all things in readiness for acting before the great plague in 1665."

The spirited burlesque on Dryden's "Siege of Rhodes" in the fifth Act of *The Rehearsal* contains another allusion to Chelsea,—and territorialism.

Enter at several doors the GENERAL *and* LIEUTENANT-GENERAL *armed cap-à-pie, with each of them a lute in his hand, and his sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon on his wrist.*

LIEUT.-GEN. Villiam, thou liest.

GEN. Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm. What ho!
The lie no flesh can brook, I trow.

LIEUT.-GEN. Advance from Acton, with the musqueteers.

GEN. Draw down the Chelsey curassiers.

LIEUT.-GEN. The band you boast of Chelsey curassiers
Shall in my Putney pikes now meet their peers.

GEN. Chiswickians, aged and renowned in fight,
Join with the Hammersmith brigade.

LIEUT.-GEN. You'll find my Mortlake boys will do them right,
Unless by Fulham numbers overlaid.

GEN. Let the left wing of Twickenham foot advance,
And line that eastern hedge.

LIEUT.-GEN. The horse I raised in Petty France
Shall try their chance.
And scorn the meadows overgrown with sedge.

The merciless and overwhelmingly successful *Rehearsal* Dryden waited long enough to avenge himself for; but every year he waited put another shaft in his quiver, and when he did reply, in the *Absalom and Achitophel*, a dozen couplets sufficed—

A man so various he seemed to be
Not one but all mankind's epitome
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!

Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both (to show his judgment) in extremes;
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded—but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, or wise Achitophel:
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left no faction, but of that was left.

This was an age, of course, when

"The sons of Belial had a glorious time,"

and the weakness of the younger Buckingham was infinitely less harmful than the strength of the elder. Both were extraordinary men.

CHAPTER VII

DURING the Commonwealth, as I said, the house was occupied by Bulstrode Whitelocke and John Lord Lisle, the two first Commissioners. Of the former there is nothing recorded in Chelsea, besides one or two entries in the parish registers. But the latter was so voluminous a writer and so engaging a personality, that the omission of any account of him by all the historians of Chelsea is much to be regretted. The reason for their silence is no doubt their hatred of the Parliamentarians; the sort of hatred which engenders the feeling that none of the supporters of Cromwell could possibly have been fit to think about, that they were all villains of low class. That is what many of us were brought up to think at school. But whether or not we think so still, I shall try to show that there was at least one exception to the general rule.

By all the rules of the game, Bulstrode Whitelocke should have been a staunch Royalist. With fourteen "proved descents" on his father's side and only one less on his

mother's, there could be no question about his birth and breeding; his father was an ornament of the Bench; he was put to school at the Merchant Taylors, and to study at the Middle Temple—and yet!

When he was still only twenty-one he was returned to Parliament, and though he took little part in debate, he joined in the remonstrance against the King's taking of tonnage and poundage. "His part was soon taken," says his biographer, "and he was henceforth to be numbered with the men of the opposition party. No man of honour could possibly be a ministerialist."

Reviewing afterwards this early part of his life, he himself writes to his children: "I leave this recital to you for an example that in all debates I was neither swayed by Court flattery nor popular vanity, but only by that reason and conscience which God had given me."

In the following year he retired into private life, and resumed his professional studies at the Middle Temple.

From his voluminous notes and diaries, which are not available as yet to the public, his biographer (R. H. Whitelocke) has collected a number of amusing and instructive particulars of his private life, of which I freely avail myself in the ensuing pages. One of Whitelocke's methods was to record his re-

collections of interviews in the form of dialogue, and there can be no doubt that as these were written down soon after they occurred, with no other object than to record them, they contain a good deal of the substance if not of the actual words of the interviews. One of the earliest, when he was only twenty-four, was with the famous Noy, the King's Attorney, under circumstances which were less weighty than those of later years. By the unanimous vote of all the young gentlemen in the Middle Temple, Whitelocke had been chosen Master of the Revels. The company was about twenty in number, and they met nearly every evening at St. Dunstan's Tavern in a large new room called "The Oracle of Apollo." Besides dinners and suppers (conducted most soberly) their principal occupation was "to practise their dancing, to exercise both their wits and bodies; not to cloud their reason or parts with excess or debauchery, but to improve their judgment and knowledge by good discourse and conversation." The dancing itself was a very grave ceremony, the revellers being "proper handsome young gentlemen habited in rich suits, shoes and stockings, hats and great feathers." As these stately revels became known, many ladies and gentlemen of quality came to attend them, and the revellers in turn were invited by the Queen's

maids-of-honour and other great ladies to their balls.

It happened that one of their number, by the name of Baring, the only child of his father, who was a rich man in Dorsetshire, caught a fever and died. His brother revellers, to show their respect for his memory, empowered their master to provide a grand funeral for him. The undertaker's bill came to £50, which Whitelocke, in the name of the society, sent to the father accompanied by a letter of condolence. To this no answer was vouchsafed, but a second letter, rather more quick than the first, extorted the reply that they who had ordered his son's burial might see it paid, for he would not. No explanation availed to change this resolution, and accordingly the young lawyers agreed to file a bill against the churlish father in the Court of Requests. This, at that time, was a Court of honour, and it was the fashion then to canvass the judge. Accordingly, Whitelocke waited on the Lord Privy Seal, who presided in that Court, and begged leave to prefer a bill. His Lordship smiled, bade him in God's name exhibit his bill, and added gratuitously, "If Baring does not pay it, I'll make him." This was encouragement enough; the bill was perfected, and even grave serjeants-at-law subscribed it, for the honour, customs, and societies of the Inns were admirably expressed

in it. Whitelocke then took it to Noy. On seeing him arrive, and knowing him (better than Bulstrode imagined), Noy told his servant to conduct him into his bed-chamber, then left his levee of obsequious clients, and came to his youthful visitor. The dialogue that ensued is then given in this form, but as there are others which have a better claim on my space, I only give the opening sentences as a sample—

WHITELOCKE : Sir, I attend you by command of my masters the Parliament of the Middle Temple, in Christmas, to desire your advice in a matter touching that, and all the rest of the Inns of Court, which this paper can relate better than I, if your leisure will give you leave to read it.

NOY : You come to me from a considerable body whom I shall be glad to serve, and we will read over the bill together.

WH. : I pray, sir, what think you of this passage, or would you have it altered ?

NOY : I think well of it altogether, and that there were good wits as well as good lawyers in the framing of it. These things I would have expressed thus.

At parting, after many compliments, Noy accompanied him to the door—

WH. : You make me ashamed by using this

compliment . . . which much greater men than I do not expect from you.

NOY: You are Lord Treasurer of the Temple, therefore I will bring you to the stair's foot.

WH.: I must not contradict your pleasure, but humbly take my leave.

NOY: Farewell, my Lord Treasurer.

A few years later (1632) his father, Sir James Whitelocke, died, leaving him in possession of Fawley Court, and an interest in the Manor of Fillets, better known as Phyllis Court, near Henley. Shortly afterwards is recorded an interview with Laud, then newly promoted to the Primacy, who was on his way from Oxford to London, and putting up at the Bell at Henley, sent for Whitelocke from Fawley—

ARCHBP.: Mr. Whitelocke, I am very glad to see you well, and it was my desire on coming into these parts to see you and speak with you; indeed, I purposed to have lain at your house, to have graced you in your own county, but I was told that you were gone from home, and thereupon I took up my lodgings here; but when I heard that you were at your house, I sent for you, and am very glad to see you.

WH.: My lord, I was very unhappy in that

mistake and misinformation which was given to your Grace of my being from home at this time, and I return my humble thanks for the honour your Grace intended me, and for your favour in sending for me. I hope it is not too late for your Grace yet to remove but a little distance to my house, where you shall have a most hearty welcome, and I hope somewhat more convenient accommodation for yourself and your retinue than this place will afford. . . .

Archbp.: I may find some other opportunity, and I assure you, Mr. W., that I shall be ready upon all occasions to do you any good, for his sake who is gone to God, my old friend your father, and for your own sake too. . . .

What with his favour among the Court ladies as a dancer, and the personal interest of the Primate, we find little indication as yet of Whitelocke's ending on the parliamentary side. Nor is there any sign of Puritanism in the active part he took, in 1634, in the "Royal Masque," of which he gives so minute an account in his *Memorials*. The music on this occasion was committed entirely to him, and cost him over £1000. To Mr. Ives and Mr. Lawes he gave £100 apiece, and to four French gentlemen who were the Queen's servants he gave a banquet in the great room

at St. Dunstan's Tavern — "The Oracle of Apollo" — and put forty golden pieces in each of their napkins. With the assistance of Mr. Ives, not long after, he composed an air himself, called Whitelocke's Coranto. It was first cried up and played in public by the Blackfriars musicians, considered in those days the best band in London. Whenever he went to that house to see a play, which he sometimes did, the musicians called for the Coranto, and the spectators would have it repeated again and again. The Queen conveyed to him her special commendation. It spread rapidly from town to the county, and was played publicly everywhere for above thirty years.

By the time he came to Chelsea, however —in 1649—a great deal had happened to change him. Apart altogether from political events, with which we need not here concern ourselves, the loss of his second wife — a daughter of Lord Willoughby of Parham— and the care of ten children had left him with little inclination for revels and masques. He was now, as we shall find, "a grave gentleman," and he and Lord L'Isle came to the Great House in the important capacity of Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, a few months after the execution of the King. Both of them appear to have resided there, with their families, until the Restoration.

Here again, then, for the third time, were transacted, or deliberated, affairs of the highest importance of State, and considering the unprecedented state of chaos resulting on the abolition of the monarchy, it is probable that in these next few years the councils were of even more importance than any in the time of More or Cranfield.

Soon after his removal to Chelsea, Whitelocke took a third wife. She was the widow of Alderman Wilson, and was young, handsome, and very opulent. At the same time, she was by birth, education, and conviction a rigid Puritan. She, too, has left some manuscript memorials of her private life, written for the benefit of her eldest child, Samuel, from which we may take her account of the circumstances of her marriage with Whitelocke—

"I had very many matches offered me," she writes, "but I could not bring my heart to like any, so that out of very many offers which were persons both rich and honourable, I could not fix my heart upon any one. I would often wish to go to the grave to my dead husband, rather than to be married to the best husband in the world; and when I did not know what to do nor how to be quiet, then I was in great straits. My own father was dead many years before, and my mother [Mrs. Carleton] was then in Holland, and

had been there for many years, so that she was altogether a stranger to those gentlemen who were well-wished to me, which made her incapable of giving me advice. Besides, I had very few other friends to advise with, so that I was in a great strait, some telling me I did sin if I did not marry, because I should decay my natural life with my overmuch sorrow, and whom to choose I knew not, for all were alike to me. At last I went to God by prayer, and did lay my condition before the Lord, and did beg of Him that if it were His good pleasure to have me alter my condition that He would choose out a fitting match for me, as for my own part I did slight riches and honour.

"When I was in this sweet frame of spirit, amongst many others there came a grave gentleman that had ten children, which at the first mention did startle me, and did cause all my friends to be against it. But after I had spent very much time in seeking God to direct me, at last I was brought to consider that children were a blessing—'happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them, they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.' And seeing they were a blessing and the gift of God, as you may see in Psalm cxxviii. the 3rd and 4th verses, there the Lord saith, 'Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine by the sides of thine

house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table. Behold, thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord'—so that I durst not refuse a man for having ten blessings. Nay, though he told me he would settle all his estate upon his other children, I durst not refuse him for that neither, for I knew if God would give me any children that He was able to provide for them. And in marrying him I thought I might be in a capacity to do some good amongst those children.

"It is true he was at that time in a very honourable place of trust in the nation, being one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, but his great office was no motive to move me, for I had before refused both riches and very great honours. But I did consider he was in a place wherein he might do much good to the people of God, and I thought by marrying of him I might be an instrument in God's hand to move him to do more for God and for the good of His people. As for the estate, I did not need to stand upon that, for I knew that if God should give me any children by him I should bring something for to maintain them, and if God should not give me any, I had rather he, that was to be my husband, and his children should enjoy my estate than any other.

"If ever a marriage was a fruit of prayer I think ours was, for I found that after I had

laid my condition before God, and did beg of Him to choose such a man that might be for His honour and glory and my good, then I went away from the house I did then live in to a friend's house forty miles from my own house, to see if I could be quiet from all such motions. But God sent him that should be my husband quickly after me, though at that time I had no mind to marry him, yet I was willing to do or to suffer anything whatever was the will of God to have me to do. I must needs say all that knew the gentleman did give a very good report of him for a very honest, gallant, gentle man. When all my friends did see I would have him for my husband, they were much discontented, thinking thereby I should lose much of earthly contentment, but those who wait upon God shall not wait in vain."

On the 5th of August 1653 Parliament, by voting the abolition of the Court of Chancery, deprived the Commissioners of the Great Seal of their official existence, and there was accordingly a cessation of the usual crowd of suitors who were used to pay their court to Whitelocke at Chelsea. But in just under a month, on it being spread abroad that he had received a letter from Cromwell on the Lord's Day appointing him ambassador to Queen Christina of Sweden, they all flocked back, and tenderly inquired about the health

of his family and himself. On the following day, he waited on Cromwell, when the following conversation ensued :—

WHITELOCKE : My Lord, I received your excellent letter but yesterday, and am now come to wait upon you to return my humble thanks for the great honour done me in being judged worthy of so high a trust. But I beg your Excellency's consideration of my want of abilities both of body and mind for this service, and for the season of the year. Besides, there are some things relating to my private family, with which I have acquainted Sir Gilbert Pickering, which are of no small concernment to me.

PICKERING : That is, my Lord, his lady is near her time of being brought to bed.

WHITELOCKE : My Lord, I am very free to serve the Commonwealth in anything within my capacity, and hope they will not expect from me what will be of such great prejudice to me and my family as this employment now would be.

CROMWELL : I am very sorry that the letter came no sooner to you.

PICKERING : I confess it was my fault.

CROMWELL : Sir Gilbert Pickering would needs write a very fine letter, and when he had done, did not like it himself. I then took pen and ink, and straightway wrote that

letter to you. The business is of exceeding great importance to the Commonwealth, as any can be—that it is. And there is no Prince nor State in Christendom with whom there is any probability for us to have a friendship, but only the Queen of Sweden. She has sent several times to us, but we have returned no embassy to her, only a letter by a young gentleman. She expects an ambassador from us, and if we should not send a man of eminence to her she would think herself slighted by us, and she is a lady of great honour who stands much upon ceremonies.

WHITELOCKE: The business being of such great concernment, as indeed it is, there is the more need of a person qualified with abilities for so great a charge, which I have not, as your Excellency and all that know me will conclude; and I know best my own defects. I want experience in foreign affairs and matters of State, in language and ceremony, of which the Queen is so great a judge and a lady that will soon discern my abilities and take advantage of them, nor will she look upon me as a person of eminence fit to be sent to her. So that with submission to the judgment of your Excellency and the Council I must conclude myself altogether unfit for the very weighty and high employment of which divers others in the nation are far more capable than I.



BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE
From a print

CROMWELL: The Council have pitched upon you unanimously as the fittest man in the nation for this service; we know your abilities, having long conversed with you; we know you have languages, have travelled and understand the interest of Christendom, and I have known you in the army to endure hardships, to be healthful and strong, of mettle, discretion, and parts most fit for this employment—you are so indeed—no man is so fit for it as you are. We know you to be a gentleman of good family, related to persons of honour, and your present office of Commissioner of the Seal will make you the more acceptable to her. I do earnestly desire you to undertake it, wherein you will do an act of great merit and advantage to the Commonwealth, as great as any one member of it can perform—and which will be well accepted by them. The business is very honourable and exceedingly likely to have good success. Her public ministers here have already agreed upon most of the material and main points of the business. If it had not been such an appointment we would not have put you upon it. The business of trade, and of the funds, and touching the Dutch are such, as there cannot be any of greater consequence.

WHITELOCKE: Your Excellency will pardon me if I cannot subscribe to your favourable opinion of me; and I should be sorry that a

business of so great concernment should suffer under so weak a management as by my hand. Besides, that which Sir Gilbert Pickering is pleased to tell you of my wife's condition is, to my private comfort, as of high consequence as may be. I would not seem unkind or ungrateful to such a wife, and this time of the year it is hard for me to be put upon so difficult and dangerous a journey.

CROMWELL: I know my lady is a good woman, a religious woman, and will be contented to suffer a little absence of her husband for the public good. As for the time of the year, really the life of the business consists in the dispatch of it at this time. The Dutch are tampering with the Queen, but she holds them off expecting to hear from us.

WHITELOCKE: I see your Excellency is stayed for. I shall have some occasions into the country, and about a fortnight hence I will wait on you again. In the meantime, you will give me leave to consider of this business.

CROMWELL: I pray, my Lord Whitelocke, do not think of so long a time, but let me entreat of you to accept of the employment and to return your answer within a few days to me.

WHITELOCKE: I will attend your Excellency.

On returning home he consulted his wife,

who strenuously endeavoured to dissuade him from the enterprise ; his friends were divided in their opinions ; but his father's old bailiff seems to have finally decided him in refusing the appointment.

"I have endeavoured to satisfy my own judgment," he said to Cromwell, when he waited upon him again, "and that of my nearest relations, but can do neither, nor gain a consent, and I should be very unworthy and ungrateful to go against it."

CROMWELL : You know that no relations used to sway the balance in such matters as this. I know your lady very well, and that she is a good woman—a religious woman, indeed I think she is, and I durst undertake in a matter of this nature, wherein the interests of God and His people are concerned, as they are in your undertaking this business—I dare say my lady will not oppose it.

WHITELOCKE : Truly, sir, I think there is no woman alive desires more the promoting of that interest, but she hopes it may be done by as much if not more by some other person.

CROMWELL : Really, I know not in England so fit a person as you are for it. . . . I will engage to take particular care of those matters myself, and that you shall neither want supplies nor anything that is fit for you ;

you shall be sent out with as much honour as any ambassador was from England. I shall hold myself particularly obliged to you if you will undertake it, and will stick as close to you as your skin is to your flesh. You shall want nothing either for your honour and equipage or for power and trust to be reposed in you, or for correspondence and supplies when you are abroad. I promise you, my Lord, you shall not. I will make it my business to see it done. The Parliament and Council, as well as myself, will take it very well and thankfully from you to accept of this employment. And all people, especially the good people of the nation, will be much satisfied with it. Therefore, my Lord, I make it again my earnest request to you to accept this honourable employment.

WHITELOCKE: I see your Excellency is inexorable towards my excuse, and much set upon it, with more than ordinary earnestness, for me to undertake this service, for which though I judge myself insufficient, yet your judgment and that of the Council is that I am capable of doing some service to the Commonwealth, to the Protestant interest herein, and to the honour of God, which is above all other motives. Hoping that this may be so, and to testify my regard and duty to your Excellency, who have honoured me

with your personal request for it, the Council having unanimously pitched upon me, and to manifest that I am not self-willed, how much I value your Excellency's command, and can submit my own to better judgments, I am resolved to lay aside further consideration of wife, children, friends, fortune, all objections of fear of danger, so as to conform myself to your Excellency's desires and to the votes of the Council by accepting this difficult and hazardous employment. I do rest confident of your Excellency's care and favour towards me who undertake it by your command, and hope that such allowances and supplies will be afforded me, such memory had of me in my absence, as shall be agreeable to the honour of the nation, of yourself, the business, and your servant.

CROMWELL: My Lord, I do most heartily thank you for accepting the employment, whereby you have testified a very great respect and favour to me, and affection to the Commonwealth, which will be very well taken by them. I assure you it is so grateful to me who upon my particular request have prevailed with you that I shall never forget this favour, but endeavour to requite it to you and yours. Really, my Lord, I shall, and I will acquaint the Council with it, that we may desire further conference with you.

From this vivid account of his part in affairs of State, let us turn to his private record of the same events, and we can judge by that how true and straightforward the former may be taken to be. The passage following is his account of his leavetaking, in a manuscript at the British Museum (Egerton, 997, Plut.), entitled *History of the Fourtey-Eight Year of his Age*, apparently written for the instruction of his children :—

"Some of them motherless, before [alluding to the children of his first and second wives], are now frighted with an apprehension that they are shortly to become fatherless also. All of them (chiefly those of most years) sufficiently sensible of their expected misery. Two of them, his eldest sons, he takes with him, ten more, and most of their little ones are left behind adding tears and sorrow to their comfortless mother, between whom and her perplexed husband some of their broken discourse here follows.

"WIFE : My dearest love, I would fain speak to you, but tears will not permit me ; let them speak for me and tell you you ought not to leave me . . . how can your heart but be melted towards me and these poor innocent children about me ?

"WHITELOCKE : Sweet heart, I pray thee,

take more command over thy passion. Our present friends as well as ourselves will be troubled with it, and it can do neither thee nor me nor our children any good at this time.

"WIFE: No, that's my misery. I can do no good by it. But what shall I say? If I could prevail with you it would be to us all (I think), I hope, the greatest good that this world could afford us. To me I am sure it would be so.

"WHITELOCKE: Consider what's best for us all, and let not passion have too much passion over us. God knows I leave thee with as sad a heart as ever husband parted from a most loving wife.

"WIFE: Oh, then, why will you go? Let me conjure you by all my tears, by all loves, by the pledges of them, by marriage promises and affections, not to leave me, especially at this time [when the pangs of travail are coming upon me]. Alas! what is it I desire but a little time and strength to enable me to bear you company and in any danger to take part with you.

"WHITELOCKE: Neither am I in a capacity to stay nor you to go: you know the necessity that lies on me that I must go, and go now . . . if I go, I confess my life is in danger, and if now I do not go, my life (it may be) will be in more danger. . . .

"With that word floods of tears stopt her further speaking, and the company called upon Whitelocke to hasten away, telling him that the Tides would stay for no man, but would be lost if he did not speedily come away, and that all things were ready, and they now only staid for him. He was therefore forced to break away and to show himself in a readiness to his company below; but suddenly a message comes to him from his wife, who earnestly desired to speak one word more to him before he went, and promised to govern her expressions more than she had done. He went up to her and found her as full of tears as they could fall and succeed one another, yet kept her word and spoke to him to this purpose. . . .

"But perhaps some of you (my children) may apprehend me to have been too particular in this business, being but of a slight nature. To me it was not so, and this relation not being intended for others' view, but for your private information and instruction, your father recommends it to you as a testimony of God's love to him and his in the preservation of them both from all harm in so great danger and in so gracious a return as he was pleased to give unto their prayers. And it may be useful to you as an incitement to conjugal love when it so please God to call any of you to that condition.

"Thus Whitelocke, engaged to Cromwell and those in power, hoping to promote the Protestant interest and his country's peace and good, must leave this dear wife, these dear children, faithful friends, and fair fortune and reputation in his native country, to go unto the northern parts of Europe in the midst of winter, to put to sea in the midst of storms and enemies, to forsake these dearest relations and fixed comforts, to pass over the raging billows of the rough northern and eastern seas, to transport his aged sickly body eight degrees to the northward of the place of his birth and habitation, about affairs made up of difficulty and uncertainty. But he is engaged, and is told by no mean person that the peace with the Dutch, the safety of the Commonwealth, the good of the Protestant interests, depends upon his going. Cromwell (who commands in chief) earnestly entreating (that if required) his speedy going; the Council urge it, and alledge that the public interest will not dispense with his longer stay, so he must be gone without more delay."

CHAPTER VIII

IN 1674 the house was purchased from Buckingham's creditors by George Digby, second Earl of Bristol, whom Walpole describes as "a singular person whose life was one contradiction." His public career, which was ended long before he retired to Chelsea, has not much interest here; but it is worth mentioning that, like his predecessor, he was the author of a comedy—*Elvira, or the Worst not always True.* This was in his early days, early enough to secure him a place, though a humble one, in Suckling's *Session of the Poets.* He only lived three years in Chelsea, dying in 1677. His Countess continued there for a few years longer, but as early as 1679 appears to have been anxious to sell the house, for which purpose she enlisted the help of John Evelyn, who was never so happy as when he was doing something for the nobility.

"To Chelsea," he writes in his Journal, on 17th June 1679, "to Sir Stephen Fox and my lady, in order to the purchase of the Countess of Bristol's house there, which she

desired me to procure a chapman for." He had dined there earlier in the same year, when he noted it as a spacious and excellent place for the extent of ground and situation in a good air. "The house is large," he continues, "but ill-contrived, though my Lord of Bristol expended much money on it. There were divers pictures of Titian and Vandyke, and some of Bassans, very excellent, especially an Adonis and Venus, a Duke of Venice, a butcher in his shambles selling meat to a Swiss; and of Vandyke, my Lord of Bristol's picture, with the Earl of Bedford at length in the same table. There was in the garden a rare collection of orange-trees, of which she was pleased to bestow some on me."

On the 8th November, Evelyn was again at Sir Stephen Fox's, "and was agreeing for the Countess of Bristol's house at Chelsea, within £500." But that was as near as they got—and no more was heard of this negotiation. In the following February, Evelyn was trying to induce the Duke of Ormonde to buy the house, and in a letter to Lord Ossory, which is still preserved among the Ormonde papers, he positively puffs it.

"14*th February* 1679–80.

"My Lord,—I am extremely sorry for my Lord Duke's sake, but especially for

your Lordship's, that you reject the opportunity presented to you for the purchasing of that sweet place at Chelsea, upon so easy terms, because I am certain that if ever the time should settle into any tolerable composure, it will not lie upon their hands who have interest in it for a much more considerable sum than what is now demanded for it, and that then it may not possibly be in my power to serve your Lordship as now it is. I have formerly acquainted your Lordship with the particulars; that besides a magnificent house capable of being made (with small expense) perfectly modish, the offices, gardens, and other accommodations, for air, water, situation, vicinity to London, benefit of the river, and mediocrity of price nowhere to be paralleled, I am sure, about this town or any that I know in England. There are with it to be added as many orange-trees and other precious greens as are worth £500. The fruits of the garden are exquisite; there is a snow house; in a word, I know of no place more capable of being made the envy of all the noble retreats of the greatest persons near the Court and City, so that it ever grieves me your Lordship should not be master of it. I almost forgot to tell your Lordship that there is near One hundred pounds a year in good tenements under-rented; so as

upon the matter, I do not esteem your Lordship gives above £3500 for the whole, which really is not above a third part of what it would sell in other circumstances. . . ."

This letter Lord Ossory duly forwarded to his father, the Duke of Ormonde (who had already had some experience of Chelsea at Gorges House, close by), mentioning that Sir Stephen Fox had been about purchasing it, and thought it a great bargain. With it he sent the following "perticular":—

"There belongs to Chelsea House, 16 acres of ground, with several large gardens and courts all wal'd in and planted with the choicest fruite that could be collected either from abroad or in England.

"The whole house is in perfect good repair, the appartments altered according to the mode, my Lord of Bristol having laid out upon it £2000.

"The out housing is very good, ample and commodious, and all the offices supplied with excellent water.

"Tenements belonging to it are now let for £100 per annum, and may be very considerably improved as the leases expire.

"The purchase was at first £7000.

"For this particular, with the addition

of all orange-trees, and other greens, fruit, and flowers of all kinds, with seats, rollers, tables, and all garden utensils. Also within the house all fixed necessaries, as grates, chimney pieces, and wainscot, the billiard table, and a pair of marble tables and house clock there will be paid £5000.

"Thus offered 26th June 1679, by Sir Stephen Fox."

Neither of these distinguished personages, however, came to the point; and it was left to a third to acquire it a couple of years later, from whom it took the name, by which it was thereafter known, of Beaufort House. There is a touch of spleen, I think, in Evelyn's note of his visit to the house a few years later: "I went to see what had been done by the Duke of Beaufort on his late purchased house at Chelsea, which I once had the selling of for the Countess of Bristol. He had made great alterations, but might have built a better house with the materials and the cost he had been at."

In December 1681, the Marquis of Worcester (as he then was) wrote to his wife that he had purchased Lady Bristol's house at Chelsea for £5000, mentioning that the road to it was so dry that most times he had been able to walk to it in the highway, and in a quarter of an hour from Lord Arlington's.

Also that the water was brought from Kensington in pipes, and was very good. The negotiations for the purchase seem to have been somewhat protracted, as the Marchioness had written to her husband from Badminton no less than three years ago—one day more, to be exact—saying that she was anxious to hear that he had a house for her, and thought Lord Bristol's at Chelsea was better than Lord Paget's, which was too far away from town (Badminton MSS.).

In the following year Lord Worcester received his Dukedom, and wrote to his wife, in November, saying that he had chosen Beaufort as his title, as the heralds said that was most eligible "which brings in the family one comes of." Thus we have the origin of the name by which the house was called from thenceforth, and which still survives in Beaufort Street, built on the site of the old house and gardens.

This nobleman, like his predecessor at Chelsea, the Marquis of Winchester, might be described as a sort of a political Vicar of Bray. But his self-adaptation to circumstances was exactly the reverse of that of the willow bending before varying winds, and seemed rather the outcome of an independent and courageous spirit that chose what it thought best. He had forsaken Royalty, and had made himself acceptable to Cromwell. He had

renounced the Roman Catholic religion and dropped his title of Lord Herbert of Raglan, and was married as "Mr. Herbert," according to the republican form, before a Justice of the Peace.

After Cromwell's death, he joined the party of the Restoration, and attended the King at Breda, and became so strong a supporter of the Crown, that in 1680 he was voted by the Commons to be removed from the King.

By William he was, as might have been expected, but coldly received; but he took the oath of allegiance, and even entertained His Majesty at Badminton; but he soon retired from any active part in politics, and withdrew to Chelsea. He died at Badminton in January 1700.

He, too, has a place in *Absalom and Achitophel*, but only in the second part, which was written by Nahum Tate, so that although he is given a better character than Buckingham, and is accorded the first place in the list of the characters, under the designation of Bezaliel, the verses sadly need the excuse of local interest for quoting them—

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Forestalls our praise, and gives his poet fame . . .
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought;
On whom so largely nature heaped her store
There scarce remained for arts to give him more.

To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal
His second care that service to conceal.
Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
And to the needy always more than just.
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill, without their pride.
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copied in his son
Whose forward fame should every muse engage
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others' age.

Among the Forster MSS. at the South Kensington Museum are some very amusing papers relating to a marriage which, though it was solemnised in the country, was hatched at Chelsea ; namely, that of the young Lord Ossory, who succeeded his grandfather as second Duke of Ormonde, with Lady Mary Somerset, Bezaliel's daughter. It was brought about by Sir Robert Southwell carrying his diplomatic talents into private life. This is how he set about it—

"*Mem.*—On Thursday, 5th of March 1685, I dined at Chelsea, and telling the Duke of Beaufort of my will to know his family and Lady Mary I desired to know if I should transgress or err if I turned all my skill and industry to promote a match for her, now that the Duke of Ormonde was coming over, with whom I had a little credit. His Grace answered, he knew not a more noble family or better estate or more desirable in all cir-

cumstances. That all he could say was that the young lord was said to be debauched, but, said he, where can a match be found where it is otherwise ?

"That for his daughter, she was free and no sort of engagement. That I saw she was no beauty, but perhaps to such a temper as the lord is of she might be suitable ; for the saying is, a man must ask his wife if he shall be rich. . . .

"In short, he left me to do in the matter what my own good wishes bid me unto.

"There was no word of portion, but Mem. When I formerly spoke to him of Lord N. he mentioned £10,000."

"*Mem.*—The lady is very healthy : never had the smallpox nor fears it. Well shaped, straight, of the middle size. Paints flowers and landskips. Works. Very graceful behaviour. Very entertaining in her discourse, and most obliging."

On the same day, he writes to the Duke of Ormonde—showing that the negotiation had been discussed between them before this—as follows :—

"I had on the 2nd instant your Grace's of the 21st past. I could not sooner than this day answer to the material point,—whether

the lady were elsewhere destined. I can now tell your Grace for certain she is not, nor any treaty subsisting ; so that the field is clear.

"I have twice since my being in town been in long and familiar conversation, and am more and more confirmed in all the virtue and endearments I before mentioned.

"This is all I will say till I have the honour to meet your Grace somewhere upon the road, and then I will deliver all my observations, and I am assured they will be to your Grace's content."

On the back of the same paper is another Memorandum—

"*Friday, March* 13.—I dined at Chelsea, carrying Mr. Trope.

"I saw some of the lady's flower-work in silk ; also some painting in oil.

"I heard her speak French very well.

"She borrowed a book of Mr. Trope to paint flowers. I asked my lord how old she was. He said 18 or 19. He knew not which, but would ask his wife. I said no, that was enough, and he replied 18 or past.

"He said he would go on the way to meet the Duke when coming. I told him I was to go—2 or 3 days' journey."

Another paper is headed : "Arguments to

be considered by D. O."—carefully numbered, it will be noted, for presentation to His Grace.

"1. Here is a wife ready, and such an one as he is most likely to marry since everybody will advise him to it, and you will see what you desire. And if you should soon die, you leave him in such hands as the like are not to be found.

"3. A great portion never made a rich marriage, but a frugal wife always. £3000 cannot be saved by her in a year, but another might squander so much.

"2. She has an husband ready elsewhere. But you have no wife. And if another be found, yet if the young lord's affection does not give in, he shall leave off the in letting this slip and so keep off till he think fit."

On the 17th May it is noted in pencil that "My Lord Ossory went first to Chelsey"—and thenceforth the matter went comfortably forward.

Finally there is the following :—

THE CHARGE OF THE EARLE OF OSSORY'S WEDDING CLOUTHES.

18 July.	Mr. Gosling, Gold Lace, &c. .	£42	15	4½
19 „	George Hanbury, Linnen, &c. .	35	10	4½
21 „	Mrs. Mules, for Lases, &c. . .	76	6	3
26 „	Sir Edmd. Wiseman, Rich stuffs, &c.	194	0	8
31 „	Mr. Poulte, his Bill . . .	21	0	0
		£369	12	8

BILLS WANTING.

Mr. Lambles' for fringe for the Toylet, &c., by estimate	£45	0	0
For lace (?) of 3 night shirts, 32 yards .	12	16	0
The shoemaker, hosin, sword cutter, Taylor, and belt makr	40	0	0
	£467	8	8

It is amusing to compare with these very prosaic and matter-of-fact observations the graceful compliments paid to the same lady some fifteen years later by the laureate Dryden. By that time her husband had succeeded his grandfather as Duke of Ormonde, and was rapidly making himself as famous; and in dedicating his "Palamon and Arcite" to the Duchess, Dryden took one of his highest and most stately flights, extolling a beauty which even her father had failed to perceive, according her the credit for much of her husband's influence in Ireland, and expatiating with every poetical licence on her Plantagenet lineage—

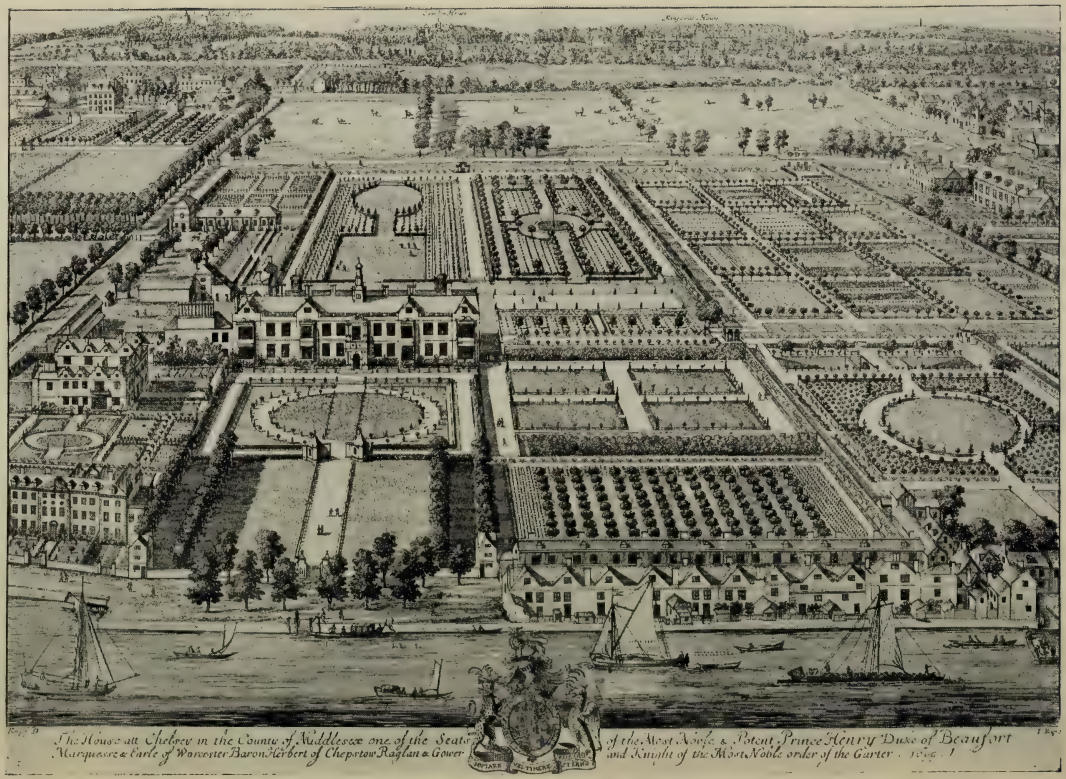
> "O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
> The differing titles of the red and white,
> Who heaven's alternate beauty well display—
> The blush of morning, and the milky way;
> Whose face is Paradise, but fenced from sin,
> For God in either eye has placed a cherubim."

Her "flower-work in silk" is reserved for the concluding lines—

"All is your lord's alone, even absent, he
Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widowed hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers.
Such works of old imperial dames were taught,
Such, for Ascanius, fair Eliza wrought.
The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son:
To fill in future times his father's place
And wear the garter of his mother's race."

In 1715 the Duke of Ormonde retired to France, under pressure of political vicissitude, and in the following year the Duchess took up her residence in Chelsea—not at the Great House, where her mother had lately died, but at the eastern end of what used to be called Paradise Row, opposite to the Western Gate of the Royal Hospital.

Having confined ourselves almost entirely thus far to the personal history of the owners of the Great House, it may be as well at this point to say something about it locally, in relation to its surroundings. I have dealt so fully with the topography of the old village of Chelsea in another volume (*Chelsea Old Church*) that I do not propose on this occasion to enter into all the details which are available for the antiquarian; but, as it happens, there were two public proceedings while the house was in the ownership of the Beauforts—one a petition to Parliament and



KIP'S ENGRAVING OF BEAUFORT HOUSE

the other a lawsuit—which convey a better idea of the state of the locality at that time than a mere narration of details. To these may be added a summary of the description of the property in the conveyance from the Duke of Beaufort to its next and last owner, Sir Hans Sloane.

To illustrate these local particulars we are fortunate in having so exact and excellent a print as is here reproduced, from a drawing by Leonard Knyff, which was engraved by Kip. Walpole speaks slightingly of Knyff's work, but the present example leaves nothing to be desired in point of clearness—it is practically a map. It is dated 1699, but must have been drawn a few years earlier, or it would show some part of Danvers Street, which was begun in 1696.

Time has not changed the scene so entirely as to make it difficult to identify its principal features. We may imagine ourselves standing on Battersea Bridge, and the broad walk leading from the river to the house is as near as may be the lower part of the modern Beaufort Street. Beyond the gardens at the back of the house is the King's Road, running east and west, behind which is seen the "Park," bounded on the west side by Park Walk, on the east by Upper Church Street, and on the north by the Fulham Road. At the north-west corner of the gardens the road takes

a turn southward and continues westward between high trees. This is the awkward corner known to motorists on their way to Hurlingham, and the road leading to the river is Milman's Street, close to which is shown in the print Lindsey House (as still standing), and behind it Sir Arthur Gorges' smaller house, long since demolished. The gardens on the east side were those of Danvers House (which the print does not take in), the northern part of which is now Paultons Square and the southern part Danvers Street.

The King's Private Road, as Faulkner observes, was originally only a tractway through the fields, for the use of the farmers and gardeners to get access to their lands; but soon after the Restoration it was found a convenient way for His Majesty to go to Hampton Court Palace; and so, after some discussion between the Government and the parishioners of Chelsea, it was converted into a coach road. The following extracts from two Petitions of Sir Hans Sloane, Lord of the Manor, and other freeholders fully detail its history and origin :—

"That before the restoration of King Charles the Second and some time after, the fields of Chelsea were open fields; and that a bridge called Bloody Bridge [at Sloane Square] was only a footbridge with a plank

or board ; and the way leading thence to the lane facing Blacklands House was then only a footpath of about five feet wide ; and the lands on each side were ploughed and sowed close up to the same ; and that from the said lane to the town gate was only a baulk or headland of about ten or twelve feet broad, or thereabouts ; and the lands on each side of the headland were also ploughed up to the edges thereof ; and that the said headland was used by the owners and occupiers of the said lands for a way, egress and regress, to their lands, with ploughs and other utensils of husbandry, and to carry off their crops from the lands, time out of mind. That some time after the Restoration King Charles the Second built Bloody Bridge as it now stands, and as we are informed agreed with the then Lord of the Manor and others concerned for the said headland for His Majesty's private road, allowing the freeholders their ancient way through the same. Whereupon the King made the road with gravel, and the land-owners ditched out their lands on each side of the same : and the King took upon him the repair of the gate at the town end, which was before maintained by the parishioners, and as soon as the fields were sown was hung up and shut, and after harvest was always open until seed-time returned again, as many yet alive well remember. And ever since the

landholders have been in possession of a free way and passage to their lands through the said road (some persons having no other way) and were never denied it during the reigns of King Charles the Second, King James, King William, and Queen Anne, as we can make appear by sufficient evidence.

"Now whereas upon his present Majesty's repairing the said road the present Surveyor-General has ordered the gates to be shut against the landholders to their great detriment and, as we conceive, to the debarring them of their right, we humbly beg your Lordships will take the matter into your consideration, hear our evidence, and grant us such relief as in your great wisdom you shall think fit.

"That the late Duchess-Dowager of Beaufort (to whose stables and offices there is no other way) about five or six years ago ordered her stewards and servants to cut down a turnpike which the Surveyor-General had set up between the walls at the corner next Church Lane; and they carried the posts away, being set up, as she said, upon her ground. . . ."

Such evidence as this is needed to afford an adequate idea of the isolation of the village of Chelsea in general and of the Great House in particular. In Sir Thomas More's time, and until considerably later, the river was ordinarily used, and the Chancellor had his



SKETCH MAP OF CHELSEA IN 1717
From Faulkner's "History of Chelsea"

barge—which he bequeathed to his successor in office—and, as we have seen, took his last journey from Chelsea in it. When Queen Elizabeth "rode abroad with the Scottish Ambassador" to visit the Earl of Lincoln, she most probably came along the Fulham Road, and turned down Church Lane. That was the only approach by land in earlier days to the little village, which consisted of no more than this lane—only the lower part of which was fronted with buildings—and the waterside houses. The only considerable residences in More's time were the parsonage, the Manor House, which stood immediately to the east of the church, and the Earl of Shrewsbury's house, a little farther eastward, on a site which is at present vacant.

The proceedings in Chancery relate to the supply of water to the Great House. In 1702 Lord Cheyne, who was then Lord of the Manor, filed a bill against the Duke of Beaufort, and in 1716 the proceedings were renewed by his successor, Sir Hans Sloane. From Faulkner's account of them—which he derived from Earl Cadogan's records — it appears that when King Henry VIII. became possessed of the Manor House he erected a conduit on a piece of waste ground at Kensington for supplying his new Manor House with water, and caused a pipe to be laid through the fields to a conduit in the King's Road, near

to what is now Carlyle Square. The Duke of Beaufort had assumed the ownership of the conduit at Kensington, and threatened to deprive Lord Cheyne of the benefit of it. It was finally decided that the right of water was in Lord Cheyne, although the Duke, in consideration of his repairing the pipes and cisterns, was entitled to so much of the water as would serve his house. For it was to be gathered from the evidence of the various conveyances that when Gorges sold the Great House to Cranfield in 1619, no mention was made of this watercourse, but that five years afterwards Cranfield having occasion for a spot of ground to be taken off the back kitchen yard of Sir Arthur's dwelling-house, upon which Cranfield built his kitchen chimney, Sir Arthur by deed enrolled, dated 16th March 1624, conveyed the same feet of ground to Cranfield in fee, and Cranfield in consideration thereof, having suffered Sir Arthur to lay a small pipe to his cistern for the conveyance of the water from thence to his mansion-house, conveyed the said small pipe to Sir Arthur in fee . . . the inference being that Sir Arthur when he sold the house to Cranfield had not this water belonging to it, otherwise he would certainly have reserved to himself the privilege of it ; and that Cranfield between the times of the purchase of the Great House and of the ground got this con-

veniency of the water, which must have been granted by the Crown—of which there was no trace—or by the Countess of Nottingham, who was then life-tenant of the house under King James.

Conveyance of Beaufort House &c. dated 25 July 1737 from the Duke of Beaufort to Sir Hans Sloane of—

"1. The capital mansion &c. heretofore in the possession of George late Duke of Buckingham, and since of George late Earl of Bristol and after that of Henry 1st Duke of Beaufort grandfather of the present Duke and after that of Mary Duchess Dowager of Beaufort deceased that is to say. One capital messuage or great house heretofore called the greatest house in Chelsea, now Beaufort House, with

"2. Two great forecourts adjoining environed with brick walls whereof the east and south walls belong to the house and the west wall is a partible wall dividing the two forecourts from the garden belonging to the messuage where Sir Arthur Gorges sometimes dwelt and from the garden and backyard belonging to the (other) messuage there heretofore in the occupation of Sir Edward Cecil ; which wall is to be repaired and maintained at the equal costs and charges of the owners of the said capital messuage and the heirs and assigns of Sir Arthur Gorges respectively

"3. Also a wharf lying before the two forecourts, environed with brick walls of which the south and west walls belong to the wharf, which wharf extends from the forecourts to the Thames side on the south and to a high brick tower at the west end and the like brick tower at the east end; together with the high water tower standing upon the west corner of the wharf[1] . . . the said wharf being divided on the east side from a tenement heretofore occupied by Edward Smith Esq or his assigns by a brick wall belonging to that tenement, stretching north and south; and by the little brick wall belonging to a tenement heretofore in the occupation of William Whitehand, and stretching likewise north and south: on the west side with the brick wall belonging to the wharf.

"4. Also one orchard environed with brick walls belonging to the house, save that so much of the wall on the east side whereon a tenement heretofore in the occupation of Thomas Clarvee stands is partible and to be repaired and maintained at the equal charges of the owners of the capital messuage and the heirs and assigns of Sir Arthur Gorges.

[1] This must be merely copied from a much older deed, as no such towers are shown in *Kip's* View: Edward Smith had a grant of a house from Gorges in 1618, which must have given place to the row of houses backing on the orchard next described.

Which said orchard extends to the said tenement heretofore in the occupation of Edward Smith on the south, and to the tenement heretofore in the occupation of Thomas Clarvee and to the garden late Sir John Danvers' on the east, and to the wall of the lowest of the two forecourts on the west.

"5. Also one garden environed with brick walls and having a pyramid standing up in the middle and a terrace on the north end with a banqueting house on the east end of the terrace.

"6. Also one great garden environed with brick walls lying on the north and east sides of the capital messuages, extending from the said house and from the terrace and banqueting house unto the highway on the north, and lying between a close now or late called Dovecote close on the east and a great yard called the kitchen yard or garden on the west.

"7. Also the great kitchen yard or garden on the west side of the house and of the said great garden with all the buildings on the south end of the same and with the brick barn and stable on the north side; which yard extendeth to the backyard and buildings belonging to the said late dwelling house of Sir Arthur Gorges on the south and to the stable yard and close there on the west and to

a plot of ground lying next the highway on the north and to the said great yard on the east (then follow the boundaries, the south and west walls being half Gorges').

"8. All that 'messuage or newe house covered with blew slate or tyle' adjoining near to the back gate which fronts the highway, with a garden thereto belonging, which garden adjoins the great kitchen garden.

"9. All the vendor's interest in that pipe or watercourse from a certain spring or conduit head at Kensington to the said capital messuage and premises except and always reserved a certain small leaden pipe conveying water from the great pipe to a piece of ground called the Park sometime belonging to the capital messuage, which said park was conveyed to the Lord Viscount Cornbury and others by indenture bearing date 4 May 1670, in which indenture it was covenanted that the purchasers were to pay their reasonable share towards maintaining the said conduit, pipes &c."

A couple of entries in the Parish Register record the marriage of the Hon. Algernon Greville with the Hon. Mary Somerset, granddaughter to the Duchess-Dowager of Beaufort, on the 24th December 1711, and of Charles Duke of Grafton with Lady Henrietta Somerset on the 1st April 1713. Of neither



G. Kneller Bart pinx. 1716 J. Faber fecit 1720

Thomas Hans Sloane Baronettus

Collegij Regij Medicorum Londinensium Regiæ Societatis Parisiensis

of these can I find any contemporary account, and it is disappointing to find so little material for history during the long tenure of the house by the Beaufort family. But its story was nearly done, and its glories fading. After the death of the old Duchess, it stood empty for twenty years, and was at last purchased by Sir Hans Sloane, who had already bought the Manor of Chelsea from Lord Cheyne.

Its last occupant, and by no means the least fascinating, was a Quaker named Edmund Howard, who was put in as caretaker by Sir Hans shortly before the house was demolished. Howard came to Chelsea in 1724, being apprenticed to a gardener named George Burr, who lived in the house just beyond our limits, on the site of which afterwards stood Cremorne House. Howard's artless biography was recently acquired by the Chelsea Public Library, and has since been printed in *The Friends' Quarterly Examiner*. It is quite worthy of a place in the Temple Classics.

Of Burr, Howard gives a satisfactory account, as a man of good report among his neighbours and all who knew him, which he justly merited for his laudable industry and faithful upright dealings with all men. He kept a good house and his servants were well fed and kindly used. With his fellow-work-

folks, however, men and women, he was less satisfied. "They were generally of the lower class, and some of them at distant times profligate and wicked; none of them of the Society (of Friends) I was born and instructed in except one man, who in the sequel proved a greater adversary to me than any of the rest." For a couple of years he was kept at hoeing, weeding, and filling dung barrows, but when the senior apprentice's time expired, he succeeded him in the "pleasing employment" of catching mice in Sir Hans Sloane's garden, for which he was paid for every three mice one penny. The more he caught, however, the less he was paid, and finally nothing. "The former apprentice told me he used to cut the mice in two, and throw them on the floor to the cat, one-half at a time, which she eagerly devoured in the presence of our master, and so imposed on him, which might easily be done, as they were brought in by candlelight in the morning, the winter being the time for catching them, and this he prompted me to do, but my dear parents had instructed me better."

Some years later, after various experiences in other places, he returned to Chelsea, and Mrs. Burr, now a widow, gave him a room in her house, to which Sir Hans Sloane (her landlord) came to dine every Saturday. Sloane was then about purchasing Beaufort

House, and offered Howard employment in looking after it.

"I waited about two months," writes Howard. "He bought the house and put me there to take care of it. This house was near 200 feet in front, the main house exclusive; the kitchen, bakehouse, and abundance of other large offices, together with coach-house and stables, etc., adequate to so noble and ancient a palace, which had been near, if not more than, twenty years in Chancery, uninhabited all that time, and therefore must be in a very ruinous condition. He furnished me, like the Prophet Elijah, with a table, stool, and candlestick, also a bed; besides which I had very little, and sent me (only) into this old and desolate place to live and lodge alone in such a frightful place, surrounded with high trees and overgrown with briars and thorns, and high brick walls, where had I been ever so much distressed and called aloud no chance of being heard, for the house was situated about half-way between the Thames and the King's Road, about — rod from each place, nearer than which no one could lawfully come when the gates were shut. Besides this, it was pretty currently reported that a murder had been committed in the Duke of Beaufort's time, many years before Sir Hans Sloane possessed the premises, and that the ghost of the murdered man

haunted the house, the truth of which I cannot avow, but the bones of a man or woman was found in the premises by some labouring men employed by Sir Hans Sloane to dig gravel for the highways.

"As the days shortened it was sometimes dark before I retired to my lonely repose, and the neighbours would at times say, 'Are you not afraid of the ghost?' I replied, 'No'; but I was twice a little surprised in the night: once by a noise over my head when I was broad awake, which I feared was thieves stealing lead, for there was a great deal on the top of the house. As I had no one to speak to, I could consult none but my own mind; sometimes I thought of going out by the most private way and raise the neighbours; it being the dead of the night, I was doubtful if I should get any assistance. Then I thought of going to the College for some of the pensioners; but being doubtful if I could get out unperceived by them, and if I did not my life might be in danger, at length concluded to lay me down again to sleep, and if I found it so in the morning would go to my master in London, tell him what had happened, and request a stronger guard. In the morning I got up, went all over the top of the house, and as I thought into every room, but could not find the cause of the noise I was sure I heard. A few days after I walked over most

part of the house to show it to some strangers, and in the room just over my head I discovered some large pieces of the ceiling had fallen on the floor, which made the noise I heard. Another time I was much surprised (but this was a dream) : a young woman stood in the middle of the room, which was very large, clothed elegantly all in white and very comely to behold, and as I sat up in my bed (or thought so) I was much astonished how she came there, being sure I made all the doors fast before I went to rest. Reasoning much with myself, at length I became perfectly awake, and, lo ! the room was all dark."

Another amusing reminiscence of his occupations in the garden of Beaufort House is given by Howard in the following passage :—

"I planted and sowed it with such things as would grow in the natural ground and was most likely to be retailed to the neighbours. This caused many servants to come for salads, beans, peas, etc.—mostly young women. It must be observed this was before my brother came to Chelsea, while I lived alone in the house near the street. At that time a former acquaintance, an ingenious man, composer to a printing house, would come sometimes and stay with me from seventh-day eve till second-day morning—from Saturday night till Monday morning—as a relax from business, and amuse himself by walking in the grove on

first-days while I was gone a journey or to meeting, and in one of those days of retirement wrote the following lines :—

1.

"When our first sire, by Heaven's command,
Surveyed sweet Eden's blissful land,
Of all its goods possessed,
Each tree gave but a faint delight,
Each flower but half regaled the sight,
And half relieved his breast.

2.

For something more his longing soul
Deep sighed, in spite of all control—
He knew not what it meant;
His great Creator, ever kind,
To cheer his thought and soothe his mind,
A beauteous consort sent.

3.

Transported with such bliss bestowed,
His grateful heart with thanks o'erflowed
To taste such joys unknown;
Till, weakly listening to her tongue,
On which his ears too fondly hung,
His state was overthrown!

4.

O! Howard! if, in Eden's shade,
Our general father was betrayed
By one fair nymph—no more;
What care need you your fate to shun?
For if by one he was undone,
Can you withstand a score?"

One has become so familiar with the repetition of Sir Hans Sloane's distinctions, and the

long catalogue of his virtues, that it is quite refreshing to come across an outspoken, though by no means unbalanced, opinion of him from one of his employés, who while giving him the fullest credit for the good qualities which he observed in him, makes it abundantly clear that, speaking from a sentimental point of view, it would have been an excellent thing for Chelsea if Sloane had never been born. For Sloane's interest in Chelsea was, until quite the last, a purely financial one, it being only in his old age that he condescended to take up his quarters in the palace of Henry VIII., after having exploited its garden as a building site.

That he was a most kind and generous man may be taken for granted ; but in Howard's artless autobiography it is easy to discern another side of his character which, while in no way to his discredit, certainly helps to explain his success in accumulating riches, and how it was that the nation did not acquire his wonderful collection—the nucleus of the British Museum—without having to pay for it.

Twenty thousand pounds in those days was no mean addition to the portion of his two co-heiresses, rich as they were without it, and however its value may have increased with the times—just as his real estate in Chelsea has done—one cannot help feeling more gratitude to the many who have freely given, in

their lifetime, priceless things to their fellow-countrymen, than to one who by his last will and testament thought more of his own wealthy family's wealth in hard cash. All we can say is that time has been on our side, and we made a bargain that has turned out a good one. At the time of his death this was by no means so certain, as is shown in Walpole's amusing letter, which, though it has often been quoted, is too good to omit.

"You will scarce guess," it runs, "how I employ my time, chiefly at present in the guardianship of embryos and cockleshells. Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the Trustees to his museum, which is to be offered for £20,000 to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburgh, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid. He valued it at fourscore thousand pounds; and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese! It is a rent charge to keep the fœtuses in spirits! You may believe that those who think money the most valuable of all curiosities will not be purchasers. The King has excused himself, saying he did not believe that there are twenty thousand pounds in the treasury. We are a charming wise set, all philosophers, botanists, antiquarians, and mathematicians; and ad-

journed our first meeting because Lord Macclesfield our chairman was engaged to a party for finding out the longtitude. One of our number is a Moravian, who signs himself Henry xxviii., Count de Reus. The Moravians have settled a colony at Chelsea, in Sir Hans' neighbourhood, and I believe he intended to beg Count Henry xxviii.'s skeleton for his museum."

Howard had the moving of the collection into the Manor House at Chelsea—the Great House being pulled down—and this is how he describes it—

"This house being very large, and capable to contain his library and all his collection of gimcracks, he left his house in Little Russell Street, near Bloomsbury Square, declined his practice in physic, and retired to the said house with all his vast collection, all which, except a few which he used to bring himself in his chariot, passed through my hands. Those he brought himself were chiefly gold and silver medals, diamonds, jewels, and other precious stones; and among these I doubt not but he had many gods of gold and gods of silver, for I one day unpacked a large case full of gods of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, etc. But to give in detail only the sorts or kinds of things would far exceed my intention. Suffice it then to say he had forty volumes in

folio—catalogues of his collection—and 42,000 other books in his library, among which was one room full of specimens of dried plants, all which passed through my hands. He used to appoint the rooms in which the books were to be stored up, and I to receive them ; they were sent loose in carts and tossed from a cart to a man on a ladder, who tossed them in at a window, up one pair of stairs, to a man who caught them there as men do bricks, and I was employed, as before mentioned, doing nearly all things for him belonging to his estate at Chelsea, except collecting the rent."

This rent collecting, however, was a very important exception, as, the museum once sold, Henry VIII.'s Palace demolished, like Beaufort House, and the garden covered with rows of houses, it was all that was left for his successors to interest themselves in. Even at that time it must have been a considerable business, though Sloane seemed to think that very little pay sufficed for doing it, as Howard proceeds to tell us—

"I continued with him till he, his family, and all his collections were duly settled and fixed. He had many times given strong hints that he disliked his steward, who collected his rent in part, but several of his tenants used to pay him themselves. Those hints passed by me as if I did not hear them, till at last he told me he would employ Mr. Holmes no

longer, and offered the whole of his employment to me. . . . I then thought it time to know on what terms I was to serve him in that capacity, and found he was inclined to advance me very little if anything. I told him in very plain terms if he would give but labourer's wages I would be a labourer, and if I was a steward I would have something like steward's pay, and there it rested a long time. At length he urged me to say on what terms I would serve him. I said, 'For one shilling in the pound from all your rents.' At this, in some warmth, he replied, 'There are such and such tenants who come to pay me as soon as ever it is due, or would you have me send you there to ask for it!' I did not at all like this reply, because I was sure he would require me to do all the before-mentioned business I used to do for him without any other pay than the said shilling in the pound. However, he marked on the rental those tenants who were to pay him, and left me but a small number, and those of the poorer sort, where it would be difficult to get their rent—perhaps not get it at all. After a long pause it was agreed I should have a certain yearly pay and one shilling in the pound for all the rent I should receive from those tenants as marked for me in the rental. This proposal I did not like, but one Mr. Jackson, who had Sir Hans Sloane's ear at pleasure, and

could do more with him than any man, endeavoured to persuade me to a compliance. Among other arguments he said, 'You may make it out either in meal or in malt.' This I thought was a bad hint to a young man going to engage in an employment that much money, not his own, must pass through his hands; and though, as I have said, Sir Hans Sloane was a good master to his servants—as in truth he was—yet he was too strait with those who were concerned in money matters, which perhaps urged his steward to make it out in meal or in malt till by such means he lost his place."

However, the arrangement did not long continue, as Howard soon had occasion to resign his appointment—

"I had not long held his deputation before he did something so mean and repugnant to our last agreement, which offended me very much, that I abruptly gave him back his deputation. This for a time struck him dumb. After a pause, he then in great amazement said, 'You!—you!! to return on my hands what thousands would have leaped at! You *shall* repent it to the longest day you have to live. You shall never have it—you shall *never* have it any more!' But in this hitherto he was mistaken, for I have not yet repented of it, and replied, 'Sir Hans, I believe I shall never ask you for it.'"

That Howard was an extraordinarily capable and well-informed man there is no room to doubt after reading the whole of his memoirs; of his abilities, indeed, he has left a very practical proof in the Old Church clock, which is still keeping excellent time, though manufactured by him under the most extraordinary difficulties. At the same time, it might well be objected by those who have not had an opportunity of judging the man, that it is hardly fair to leave Sir Hans Sloane's character to a servant—even though he was not his valet. I will therefore conclude by giving his short summary of Sloane's character, which I think does sufficient credit to them both.

"This was my situation at entering into Sir Hans Sloane's service, which proved the most disagreeable and noways profitable nor elegant employment, although my master was the philosopher's king, for he was at that time President of the Royal Society, and I think also of the College of Physicians; but if I have any judgment in mankind, I think I have been acquainted with many men superior to him both in natural talents and acquired accomplishments. He was, however, easy of access, very affable, and free in conversing with all who had any concerns with him, and a good master to his servants, for they lived many years with him; he was

also a very good landlord, and never that I know or heard of did one harsh thing by any of his tenants."

In 1739 the actual business of demolishing the great house was begun, much to Howard's disgust. In vain he tried to save it.

"My master asked me what was best to do with the house," he writes. "I replied, 'Board up the windows, mend the sills to keep out the weather, and prevent it growing worse.' He then consulted one Mr. Sampson, who was Surveyor at the Bank of England, as to the cost of repairs, who said it would cost five hundred pounds; my advice was only to prevent it growing worse that he might wait to see what might offer. . . . Some gentlemen then looked at it with intent to build a large still-house, and the folks who afterwards built Ranelagh viewed it for a place of public resort, but none of those came to anything. Some others made proposals of different kinds, but none took till Mr. Sampson, who knew right well that the receiving of money was to Sir Hans Sloane more pleasing than parting with it, persuaded him to sell the house and all appurtenances as it stood, to be pulled down by the purchaser and all the materials carried off the spot. This I conceive he did in favour of two of his acquaintances, the one a master bricklayer, the other a master carpenter . . . he

therefore proposed to Sir Hans Sloane to sell it, I do not well remember whether for one or two thousand pounds, and recommended the two men before mentioned as proper persons to purchase it; a bargain was soon struck." One of these gentlemen presently went bankrupt, and Howard was ordered to lock the gates to prevent his carrying away any materials he had not paid for. "I secured and nailed up the front gate," Howard continues, "for though they had torn the house to pieces, pulled the iron bars out of the windows, and the greater part of the lead from the top of the house, sold and carried off a great deal, and so wounded and crippled the house that it appeared more hideous than before, and would now be madness to attempt to repair it, still there was abundance of lead and iron stored up in a strong-room, which they had collected together, and no small quantity remaining where it was originally fixed. Very soon after I had nailed up the great gate they came with a cart and by violence broke open the gate, loaded the cart with what they liked, and drove away. They were so many I could not resist them, but, while they were gone, caused a deep ditch to be dug in the gateway to prevent any carts passing that way, and by every means in my power endeavoured to hinder their taking anything off the ground. This

raised such malice and hatred in Mr. Taylor and his folks that I thought my life in some danger ; however, I did the best in my power for my master's interests. . . . He was obliged to consult the lawyers how to deal with Mr. Taylor, and at length got rid of him ; and the house in its mutilated condition once more came into his hands, and for some time nothing was done about it."

Finally, Sir Hans insisted on Howard himself accomplishing the destruction of the house : the story is best in his own words—

"At length," he writes, "he resolved to proceed in pulling it down and dispose of the materials by retail. This he proposed to me to do for him, which I declined till he urged it so far that I must do it or leave his service. In vain did I plead I was a gardener, and as such it was not likely I should have sufficient skill in such matters to be fit for so great an undertaking, for there is more danger in pulling down than in building so large a structure ; but he still insisted on my doing it, to which at last I complied, and took to perform that work a carpenter and nine or ten labouring men. . . .

"I proceeded with much caution and circumspection on this hazardous business, for there were many oak girders of about twenty inches square in the garret floor, about thirty feet long, and many stacks of chimneys of

large size and great height, very thick brick walls, and wide piers between window and window. No accidents happened worth notice, except one, and then no bones broke —only hurt two or three men so as to keep them two or three days each from their work. . . .

"When we had nearly got the house down, I asked my master how it was to be disposed of. He said, '*You* must.' I answered I knew nothing of the value of such things, and was therefore unfit for the business. He replied, 'Mr. Sampson shall instruct you.' Sir Hans then bid him give me in writing such directions as should enable me to sell the old materials."

These directions, or prices, Howard found far too high, and though he finally succeeded in disposing of every vestige of the house, it was not without a struggle.

"Before I engaged to pull down the house," he concludes, "I solemnly protested to Sir Hans Sloane that I would not be concerned with it if Mr. Sampson had anything to do with it, and the first time I could speak to him was in Beaufort Garden, for Sir Hans brought him there in his chariot contrary to my declaration when I consented to undertake so unpleasing a business; and there, in the presence of my master, rebuked him for leading my master into an error by which the

sale of his goods would be frustrated. Sir Hans Sloane was silent, but the next time he came there said to me in displeasure, 'Edmund, I was very sorry to hear you talk so to Mr. Sampson.' I replied, 'Indeed, I think the same now of Mr. Sampson as I did then, and much wonder you should bring him here after I had so positively said I would not undertake it if he had anything to do with it.' My master insisted I should offer it at that price. I replied, 'Then it will never be sold.'"

Lying awake at night I sometimes think of Howard when I hear the old village church clock strike. He must have had a good deal in common with More, for all the difference of religion and rank, and he closed the story of our house in much the same spirit as that in which it was opened—shall we call it a spirit of sweet unreasonableness?

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